Volume CXXVII. No. 1661a.
Price Two Shillings

THE SPHERE

CHRISTMAS 1931

AFTER DINNER—
Uncle Robert holds forth

From a drawing in colour
By Van Abbé

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Three Kings Follow the Star — By A. H. Davis

THE THREE KINGS

From an Early Carol

One Copy of which is in the Harleian Collection and another, with Numerous Variations, among the Sloane MSS. Chaucer uses the term "in fere" as meaning "in company"

Now is the time of Christmas come,
Together joined are Father and Son,
And with the Holy Ghost are one,
In fere-a;
God send us a good new year-a.

I would now sing, if that I might,
Of a Child, so fair to sight,
A maiden bare this winter's night;
So still-a;
And as it was his will-a.

There came three kings from Galilee
To Bethlehem, that fair citie,
To see Him that should ever be,
By right-a,
Lord, and king, and knight-a.

As they went forth with their offering,
They met Herod, that moody king,
He asked them of their coming
That way-a;
And thus to them 'gan say-a:—

"From whence come ye, you kings three?"
"Out of the East, as you may see,
To seek Him that should ever be,
By right-a,
Lord, and king, and knight-a."

"When you to this child have been,
Come you home this way again,
And tell me all that ye have seen,
I pray-a;
Go not another way-a."

Then of Herod, that moody king,
They took their leave both old and young,
And forth they went with their offering,
By light-a
Of the star that shone so bright-a.

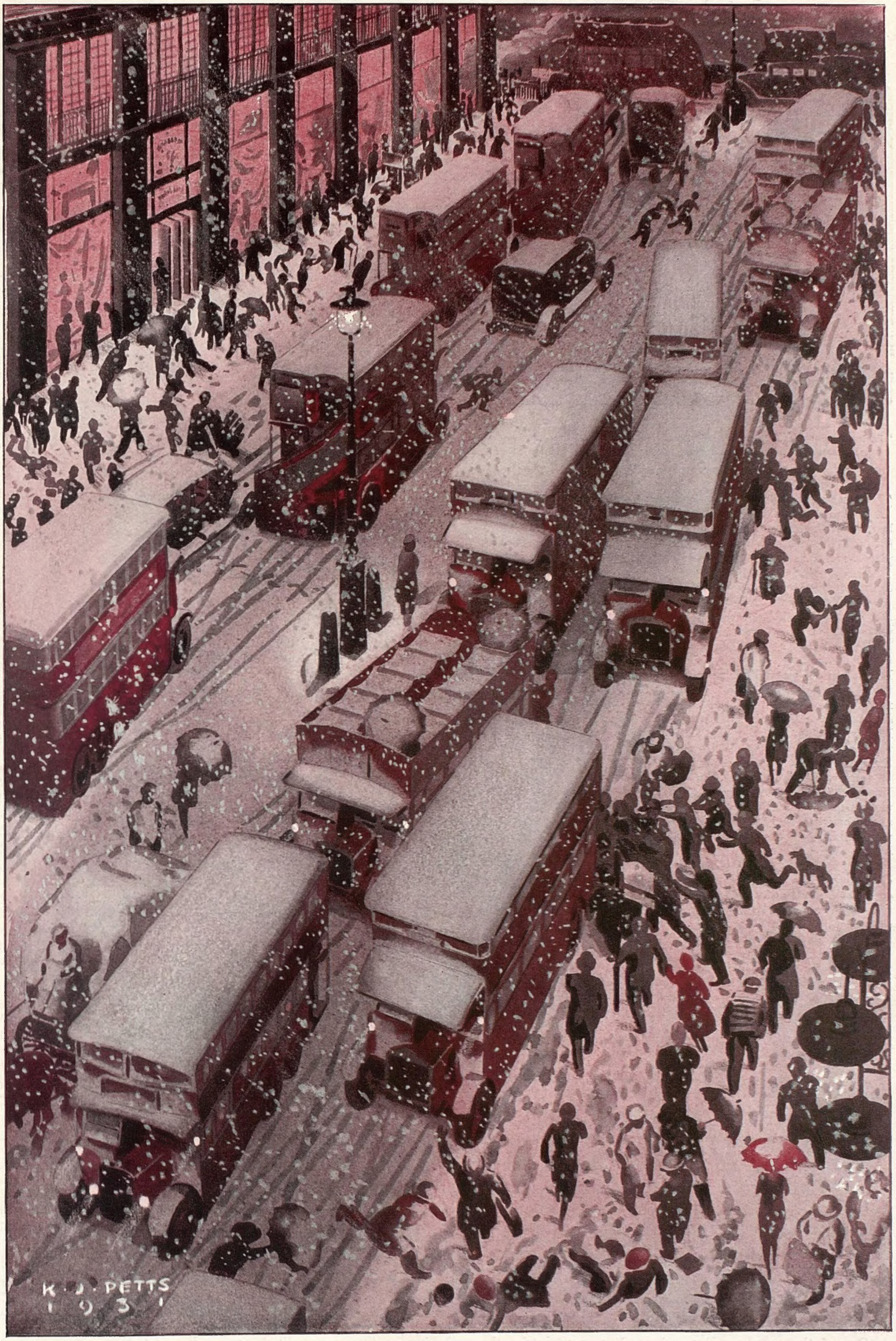
Till they came to that blissful place
Where Jesus and his mother was;
There they offered with great solace,
In fere-a,
Gold, incense, and myrrh-a.

When they had their offering made,
As the Holy Ghost them bade,
Then were they both merry and glad,
And light-a;
It was a good fair sight-a.

Anon, as on their way they went,
The Father of heaven an angel sent
To those three kings that made present
That day-a,
Who thus to them did say-a:—

"My Lord doth warn you every one,
By King Herod ye go not home,
For if you do you will be slain
Full soon-a,
And woe to you be done-a."

So forth they went another way,
Through the might of God, his lay,
As the angel to them did say
Full right-a;
It was a good fair sight-a.



CHRISTMAS IN LONDON

Drawn by K. J. Petts

The artist here shows a wintry scene in Piccadilly with long lines of omnibuses busily playing their part in the scene; crowds of shoppers are dashing to the shelter which they offer. The fresh air devotees who still love the open-topped bus are silent for once. The few horses in the scene are slipping and sprawling on the newly fallen snow. The snowflakes glimmer white as they fall within the rays of the standard lamps

IT'S

"Fortunes were told, futures read, love and death, and luck and war were prophesied by the gipsies through their twenty-two picture cards"

The royal dusty road to history is paved with playing-cards. Kings and queens quarrelled over them, emperors consulted them, little princelings learned their lessons from cards, hairdressers and charlatans rose to fame through them, saints burned those thin squares of wickedness in the public places, artists lavished days of beauty and skill upon their design.

Playing-cards. Little bits of pasteboard with tinted edges and printed figures of hearts and spades, clubs and diamonds.

Cabalistically figured wafers that dissolved the clouded curtain hiding all the shining, breathless drama of forgotten kingdoms and unremembered monarchs. Playing-cards.

So long ago that the Nile was young and the Pyramids were building, and the Medes and the Persians were still making laws, card playing began. In Hindustan delightful little round cards were used, their faces decorated with the Incarnations of Vishnu. Persian cards were beautifully lacquered in bright red or shining green. The Chinese played with painted ivory sticks, like the sticks on a painted ivory fan. They were invented in the reign of the Emperor Sunen Ho, the Heaven-born, to amuse his numerous concubines—they whiled away the otherwise unoccupied hours with the game of a thousand times ten thousand men's names.

Somewhere around the fourteenth century the gipsies brought cards into Europe. Tarots they were called, or "The Royal Road," as the name is picturesquely translated. They spread all over Spain and Italy, Germany and France, a royal road of colour and fantasy from the magic East. Fortunes were told, futures read, love and death, and luck and war were prophesied by the gipsies through their tarots.

There were seventy-eight of these gipsy cards in a pack. Twenty-two of them were adorned by pictures; so your future, according to the tarots, could hold plenty of variety—twenty-two cards' worth, and endless combinations with the other fifty-six unpictured cards. For example, your past might show nothing more heartening than a juggler and a fool, but there was always the chance of finding the warrior riding through your present in his chariot. The warrior was the card of luck, always numbered seven. In your future the emperor, the empress, and the female pope might all appear simultaneously, certainly a glorious outlook for the ambitious.

Marriage might rear its sanctified head. If you seemed adverse to the practice the skilful gipsy who was telling your fortune could always revert to the other name for that particular card. "The lovers," she would murmur softly. "I see two lovers."

■ For the adventure-loving the pack included plenty of hazards: Justice, the Last Judgment, a Man Who Had Been Hanged by One Leg and, even in those pre-speakeasy days, a card of Temperance. Number Thirteen signified death. There was also the Devil. But if the gipsy's hand had been properly crossed with silver, unfortunate complications were usually avoided. If the worst happened, and Death and the Devil came out at once, the cards could be adroitly manipulated so that the Devil turned up in front of Death, suggesting death to the Devil rather than a long sojourn with him for the fortune seeker.

Some ingenious soul decided that fortune-telling wasn't much of a pastime when you came right down to it—if you had your fortune told more than once you were apt to find that the first version was all wrong—so he decided that cards could be used for something more amusing. Other people got the same idea and card games were the result. One of these games was called Tarots after the cards. In Italy, Trappola followed. Nobody below the station of nobility could afford to play cards in those days, but the kings and queens and robber barons all had gorgeous sets of playing-cards decorated with their coats of arms.

One of these packs still remains. It was made for the mad king, Charles VI of France. The background is heavily overlaid with gold and silver paint, and all the figures are executed with remarkable delicacy and beauty. The artist, Jacquemin Gringonneur, charged the royal household of France the neat sum of fifty-six *sols de Paris* for the painting and gilding of three packs of these cards. This was exactly a hundred years before Columbus made his initial voyage across the Atlantic, and was the first time that playing-cards appeared officially in the records of Europe.

Painted cards weren't satisfactory because the multitude couldn't afford to play with them. When block printing came in, cards were the first objects that were made by that method. It is an interesting comment upon human ingenuity that the first printed objects were cards. Likenesses of the saints came afterward.

The clergy didn't feel entirely comfortable about this situation. From the very beginning they made remarks about the frivolity of games of chance. St. Cyprian, Bishop of Africa, who flourished and was martyred in the third century after Christ, was the author of a number of startling books. One of them was the *Dress of Virgins*. Another was on gambling. In this he describes all games of hazard as nets of the devil. He insists that they were invented by Satan himself, who placed his symbols upon all of the instruments so that every player would have to worship him. Unfortunately these remarks of St. Cyprian's were too sensational to impress the serious thinkers, and the nets of the devil kept on catching their quota.

But the first actual anti-card-playing campaign was not conducted until 1423. That was when St. Bernardin of Siena betook himself to Bologna to exhort the inhabitants to leave their ways of sin. It was a momentous occasion in Bologna. All of the townfolk gathered to hear the visiting saint. After an hour or so of plain speaking he persuaded them that they must burn their playing-cards if they expected any consideration in the hereafter. They rushed into their houses and brought out paper pack after paper pack and threw them all enthusiastically into the flames. Instruments of the devil. Playing-cards. They would have none of them!

One man lingered on the edge of the crowd. He didn't bring out any cards to be burned. Finally he stepped forward and boldly addressed the visiting reformer: "Father," he said, "I have not learned any other business than that of painting cards, and if you deprive me of that you deprive me of life and my destitute family of the means of earning a subsistence."

Not for nothing was the saint known as one of the most effective campaigners against vice in the fifteenth century. He had a suggestion ready on the moment: "If you do not know what to paint, paint this figure and you will never have cause to repent having done so," and he drew a figure of the sun with the sacred cipher IHS in the centre. The card-maker was thereby converted from his worldly pursuit and he never regretted the change, for the story comes down to us that before long he grew rich and prosperous from painting the sacred symbols the saint recommended.

■ Not all churchmen agreed with St. Cyprian and St. Bernardin. Martin Luther, between translating the Bible and declaring that the Pope had no exclusive right to interpret it, relaxed sufficiently to get married and to play backgammon. His violent outbursts against the devil and the established order of things deranged his digestion, and backgammon seemed to be the only remedy. St. Francis de Sales, who made such a vigorous attempt to stamp out Calvinism in France, not only played cards but cheated at them, so that he would be certain to win something for the poor.

An even more famous saint, St. Francis Xavier, known as the Apostle of the Indies because of his extraordinary conversions there, did not exactly approve of card playing, but neither did he completely condemn it. In 1545, on one of his trips across the Gulf of Ceylon, a sailor was about to jump overboard because he had lost all of his money at cards. St. Francis held the man until he was calm, and then borrowed money from one of the passengers, staked the sailor, and made him go back to the game to recoup his losses. He not only won back everything he had lost, and the sum that the holy man had staked him, but a great deal more besides. The sailor was so grateful to St. Francis that he became one of his most zealous converts.

When John Wesley was a young man at Oxford he played whist every Saturday night. He also used to make a practice of communing with the Lord every four hours. On one particular Saturday night the rubber lasted longer than he had expected, and he missed the communication. That ended Wesley's whist playing.

IN THE CARDS:

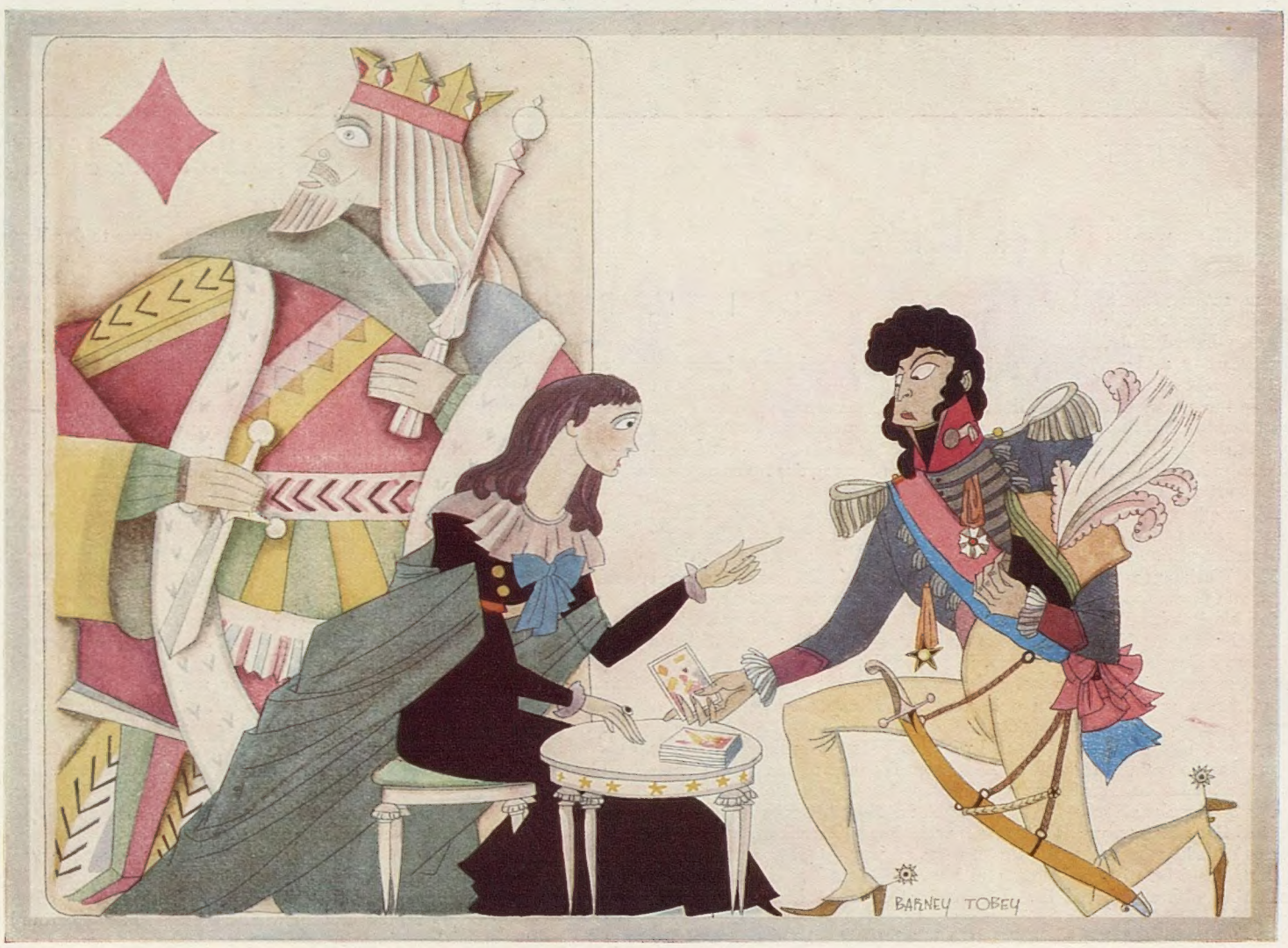
The Romance of the Little Pieces of Pictured Pasteboard Brought to Europe by Gipsies

By RUTH MOORE MORRISS. Illustrated by Barney Tobey

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many of the clergy went in for card playing, not to mention gambling, despite all of the prohibitions of the Church against it. The priests even staked Masses and prayers against the money of the parishioners, and the parishioners found that to play amongst themselves for aves and paternosters lent zest to any evening.

Cardinal Mazarin was as lucky and as unscrupulous at cards as he was at politics. His career began when he was forced to leave school because he had lost everything in a gambling hall. He hired out as personal servant to a prelate. That was his somewhat circuitous entrance into the Church. He first met the beautiful Anne of Austria, Queen of France, at a card game at Court and so began a friendship that had far-reaching effects upon the history of France. The Cardinal amassed part of his enormous fortune through cards. On his death-bed he was still playing them, and one of the company had to take his "hand" while he received the Pope's plenary indulgence and the *viaticum* from the Papal Nuncio, due to him as a Prince of the Church.

The earliest cards did not conform to any size or shape. The round cards of Cologne were delightful little circular-shaped disks with hares and parrots and pinks and columbines for suit signs. They resembled the Hindustani cards. Some other early cards used in Germany are at least 8 in. high and 5 in. wide. It must have required a mighty man-at-arms to hold a hand of these capably. Their suit signs were dogs, falcons, birds, and stags. There were also small square cards and diminutive oblong ones that could have been concealed in the narrowest of sleeves—if indeed such practices went on at the time. A card was what you made it, size and all. If your humour ran to vulgar pictures you could choose the design that suited your imagination.



"You will die by execution—and no cards and no gold can save you"

Acorns and bells and cups and money were popular with German gamesters; bâtons, cups, swords, and coins distinguished the Spanish game of hombre. But all cards were alike in one respect. They were made of paper, one thick sheet or two thin ones being pasted over a third heavier piece.

Hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades had their origin in France. *Cœur* stood for valour; *Carreau* for stability, constancy, a diamond-like hardness in adversity; *Trèfle* for justice; *Pique* for strength at arms. Thus were all the old heroic virtues extolled upon playing-cards.

The European custom of representing the coat cards by pictures of famous people spread to America, where Washington was elected to the position of king of hearts. John Adams was the king of diamonds, Franklin ruled clubs, and Lafayette gloried in the military virtues of the king of spades. The knaves were four Indian chiefs. Altogether a nice bit of historical imagery.

A contemporary writer remarks that "in accordance with American notions of delicacy" Venus, the queen of hearts, modestly concealed her charms with a mantle. He adds, "The chief town in America for the manufacture of cards is Boston; whose discreet meeting-going people seem to have no objection to making a profit by supplying the profane with the instruments of perdition."

Whatever the clergy might say, cards had their serious mission in life. At a very early date the young members of the Spanish nobility began to learn heraldry from packs of cards designed for the purpose. This was an ingenious scheme, because many of the members of the noble younger set couldn't read, but if they played hombre constantly with cards blazoned with the heraldic symbols of the leading families of Europe they could not fail to become familiar with them. The cards were designed by the leading engravers of the time, and enclosed in small leather cases that resembled prayer books.

It was not only the little Spanish princelings and dukelets who absorbed a knowledge of the various coats of arms from playing. Their royal and noble cousins all over Europe learned heraldic lessons from the same source. Card makers branched out into an amazing variety of educational packs: mythology, history, logic, the science of war, geography (what there was known of it at the time), fables, and proverbs containing bits of wisdom.

No less a celebrity than Michelangelo invented the game of Minchiate to teach his young apprentices to count. He contended that nobody could be a good enough draughtsman to paint Virgins and the saints unless he first knew his one, two, threes. Minchiate had ninety-seven cards, so any ambitious apprentice who took it up seriously was bound to learn certain number combinations.

Wily Cardinal Mazarin was responsible for the most famous educational cards. He had them made for little Louis the Fourteenth of France so that all his lessons would be thrilling games—geographical cards with astounding descriptions of distant lands and more accurate accounts of the near-by European nations, mythological cards, and a set of the "Kings of France." These were such an outstanding success that the Cardinal ordered another series, "Famous Queens." Every day small Louis had access to fifty-two of the charming women of history from the Queen of the Amazons to Anne of Austria, the queen mother. The Cardinal observed that Louis enjoyed this game better than any other.

The Grand Monarch never forgot the pleasure that his childhood cards had given him, so for his own son, the Dauphin of France, he made an even more elaborate pack called the Game of War. Each tiny engraving represented a different phase of warfare, attack, retreat, entrenching the infantry against the onslaught of the enemy. And below each picture was a detailed description of the proper military procedure.

AT THE BUFFET

From the painting by J. L. Forain in the possession of Mr. S. Chapelier of Paris

BELOW THE FALLS

By H. H. BASHFORD

(I)

Upon the wooden veranda of Herr Grimstadt's hotel Mrs. Markham sat writing a letter. She was a rather stout, grey-haired lady, who had already said good-bye to sixty, and a long experience of knocking about the world on a small if sufficient income had taught her the folly of expecting too much either from life or its hotels. Indeed, she had come to understand and rather to like hotel proprietors as a class, and a fortnight ago, when she had arrived with her son and daughter-in-law, Herr Grimstadt, who prided himself on his discernment, had recognized her at once as a guest after his own heart.

That was why, returning from the wood-shed with some logs for the kitchen fire, he paused for a moment to look up at her and smilingly air his broken English. It was a good evening, he said; and smiling in her turn, Mrs. Markham replied in her broken Norwegian. It was a very good evening, and how clever Herr Grimstadt had been to choose such a beautiful place for his hotel. Half-understanding, he flushed with pleasure. The little hotel was his life-work's crown, and not so little either, with its twenty-two bedrooms and handsome coat of red paint. He disappeared beneath the veranda that surrounded two sides of the first floor, and a blonde German girl, back from a twenty-mile tramp, also paused for a moment to smile at the English lady.

She was a shy girl, sunburnt, and pink, and Mrs. Markham liked her and bore her no malice, though it had been the men of her race, fifteen years before, that had made her a widow. But Colonel Markham had been a professional soldier who had fought in Egypt, South Africa, and India, and this nineteen-year-old damsel, with her rück-sack and hobnails, could not be held responsible for the chances of war. She clattered down the veranda and into her bedroom, and Mrs. Markham laid down her pen, remembering with a smile all that Herr Grimstadt had told her about the history of his hotel.

That had interested her more than the hotel itself, which was entirely devoid of architectural beauty, a bright red structure at the foot of a lake that stretched east and west, surrounded by mountains. But it stood within fifty yards of the little cottage in which Herr Grimstadt had been born, and from whose windows, as he had confided to her, he had first seen it in his dreams. That had been long before the railway had crept into the valley on its way from Bergen to Oslo, climbing through the ravine into which the lake emptied itself and accompanying the road that skirted its northern bank.

This led to Stromsdal at the head of the lake, five miles away from the hotel, the little town that contained the nearest post office, shops, church, and railway station. Many people had laughed, indeed, at Herr Grimstadt for building his hotel at the wrong end of the lake, and upon the southern bank, where it could only be approached by the side road that bridged the water at the mouth of the ravine. But Herr Grimstadt had trusted his own judgment and found no cause to regret it. The spot was a quiet one, close to the small farm that he had inherited from his father. Both in the lake itself and the mile-long ravine below it there were plenty of trout for fishermen. For climbers there were mountains and upland pastures, and there was always the view from the veranda—the broadening lake, stretching eastward to Stromsdal, and far to the north, beyond the lake-side precipices, the snowy crests of the Svorfjeld, a day's march distant against the sky.

These were still bright, though the hotel was in shadow, tucked as it was under the western wall of the valley, and Mrs. Markham allowed her eyes to dwell upon them before resuming her letter. Then she took up her pen again, good-humouredly struggling with an explosive nib and anæmic ink, and completed the description that she had already begun for the benefit of her elder son in India.

"This is just the sort of place," she wrote, "that you would like and the weather has been perfect, a mist every morning hiding the lake and then rolling away and vanishing into the mountains. Being the end of September, the hotel is almost empty, and so far the fishing hasn't been up to the mark. But Ronny was very overworked before we came out, and I hope this change will do him good. Oh, and by the way, Derek turned up last week quite unexpectedly on his way back from Oslo. He had been to some conference there for the Foreign Office and seems very fit, and as debonair as usual."

She hesitated for a moment and, for the first time, a pucker appeared upon her tranquil forehead, but she continued to write, "They have been out on the lake all day, Lucy with them of course, looking very brown and pretty." Then she lifted her eyes, and far up the lake, saw the black speck that contained them—scarcely moving, or so it seemed to her, like some tiny water-insect in the last of the sunset. Apart from Tom, a cheerful and industrious soldier, there were the three people she loved best in the world. But the pucker upon her forehead deepened into a frown and she glanced down again at her letter. Had Derek really arrived unexpectedly? She wasn't quite sure, though it had all seemed so natural, and it had been exactly like him, of course, to drop off at Stromsdal, on the spur of the moment, for a few days' fishing.

That was what she had always loved in Derek, who was her dead sister's son and her only nephew—his light-hearted way of taking life on the wing, which was combined with a very considerable efficiency. In spite of his good looks, too, and the wealth he had inherited from his father, who had been a Somersetshire squire with large estates, he was entirely without conceit. And although in later years he had lived in a world that their own lack of means had made inaccessible, the boyish friendship between him and her own sons had never faded away, or so she had believed. But perhaps she had been wrong. Perhaps that was true only of Tom. And yet as little boys it had been Ronny who had worshipped Derek almost to the point of idolatry.

She could still see them playing together, Ronny dark and delicate, shy of most people and inclined to be critical, and Derek a natural games-player, ready of wit, but with the most disarming of cheeky smiles. Both had been at school when the War broke out, Derek at Eton and Ronny at a Midland Grammar School, but both had served during its last two years, and after it had ended they had seen less of each other. Derek had gone to Oxford and thence into the Foreign Office, and Ronny, after a short apprenticeship, had bought a controlling share, thanks to a small legacy, in a sound but struggling little oil business. He had also fallen violently in love with the daughter of an impoverished peer; and in spite of her parents' disapproval, chiefly on financial grounds, she had married him in less than six months.

To a certain extent, though she had kept it to herself, Mrs. Markham had disapproved also. Ronny had enough on his hands, she had thought, to maintain his business in the teeth of fierce competition; and he had certain ideals, rather aggressively held, that did not tend to reduce his difficulties. Nor was Lucy an easy person either, though Mrs. Markham

(Continued on p. 20)

THE SHY GIFT

From a Painting

By

ANNA K. ZINKEISEN

"Oh, Miss Gwace, 'tis but a twifle—I beg of you to accept it."

"Captain Fitzgerald, I am not insensible to your kindness; it would be idle for me to deny that I am deeply touched by your offer of these flowers, but I hesitate. Dare I so far forget my mother's commands to accept nothing from a gentleman?"

"Oh, Miss Gwace, I assure you . . ."

BELOW THE FALLS

By H. H. BASHFORD

(Continued from p. 18)

had come to be very fond of her, and she had never quite settled down into the rather restricted circle of Ronny's friends and their wives. But at least she was honest—almost devastatingly so in what Mr. Markham assumed was the modern manner—and perfectly willing to accept her share in any old blame, as she put it, that was blowing about.

But Mrs. Markham was honest too. It was really to Derek's world that Lucy belonged. And somehow or other, though Derek had known her since she was twelve years old, that had been rather obvious during the last few days. But who had made it so? Mrs. Markham thought of Derek's chuckling laugh that even in memory made her smile, and of Lucy's candid, quick-tempered eyes that nevertheless guarded their own reserves. So it came to Ronny, dark and satirical, but always a second too late and a trifle too heavy—the little boy who had had night fears and clung to her so passionately, but would never, of course, cling to her again.

(II)

The shadow of the western mountains had crept over the boat, but the air was warm and still. Lying in the bow, with his rod idle beside him, Derek was smoking and staring at the sky. Lucy, with her back to him, was drowsing over the oars and watching a train pull out of Stromsdal station. The sun had not died from it yet, and it looked like a toy train. It was hard to believe that it was three miles away. Lucy was twenty-six, but since bathing an hour ago she had not troubled to put on her shoes and stockings, and with her close-cropped hair and bare legs she might have been a boy still in his teens. They were drifting along the southern bank on their way home, and Ronny in the stern was methodically casting—not because it was any good, the lake being like glass, but because he had come to fish and meant to go on.

Plucking a reed, and since he could do this without moving, Derek began to draw circles with it on the nape of Lucy's neck.

"Sorry to trouble you," said Ronny, "but perhaps you could back a stroke or two. I want to try a cast under that rock."

Lucy twitched her shoulders and moved an oar.

"No, not that one," said Ronny, "the rock over there. Of course, if it's too much bother ——"

Lucy yawned.

"Patient fellow you are," said Derek, "I must say."

Ronny said nothing. If Derek chose to lie and bask there and continue his lazy back-chat with Lucy, well, so he could and be damned to him. Ronny did not care to compete.

"Why don't you chuck it?" said Lucy. "There's nothing moving."

"Because I prefer not to. Do you object?"

The colour deepened a little in Lucy's cheeks.

"No, of course not. Why should I?"

"Always been a sticker," said Derek, good-temperedly. "Haven't you, Ronny? Don't worry him, Luce."

"Thanks, she's not worrying me."

They drifted into the next bay, Ronny's dark eyes fixed on the water. A fish rose suddenly, and he missed it, and Derek and Lucy, he knew, must have seen this. Derek would have had it, of course. He was an expert at everything, and damned easy, too, on his income. But they said nothing. They were leaving him alone. They were being tactful—tactful together. Ronny tried another cast or two, but the chance had gone and no other fish seemed to be rising. Lucy began to row again, her eyes on the head of the lake. The shadow had crept over Stromsdal now and was climbing the mountains beyond. The sides of the lake seemed to be drawing closer together.

"Are you in a particular hurry?" he inquired.

"Not a bit."

She held up the boat with a faint ripple. They were skirting a little meadow in which some women were making hay. Lolling over the side, Derek hailed them cheerfully and exchanged a few sentences with them in Norwegian. That was another of his accomplishments, very impressive. He had been giving Lucy lessons and they began to talk to the women. Presently she said something that made them all laugh. The boat grounded gently on an outlying spit of gravel.

"If you wouldn't mind," said Ronny.

Lucy pushed it off.

"Thanks very much. Sorry to interrupt you," but why the devil hadn't he let them go for the long walk that they had suggested? He was to have gone, too, of course, if he had felt like it. They had worked it all out, it appeared, before breakfast, and were poring over the map while he was reading a letter that had arrived from his manager at Barking. The firm had just lost a contract in the north of England and, according to the traveller who had dealt with the matter, it had only been for want of a little grease skilfully applied to the appropriate palm. But that was the very thing that Ronny was fighting, and if his staff shrugged their shoulders, at least they respected him. That had been clear from the manager's letter, and he had tossed it over the table for Lucy to read. But she had merely glanced at it with an eye on the map.

"Rather a bore," she had said. "Well, what about it? Are you coming to do some climbing, or would you rather stay here and fish?"

"But I thought we had arranged to go up the lake?"

"Pretty hopeless," Derek had said, "isn't it?"

"I don't see why."

He had surprised a quick glance between them.

"All right," said Lucy. "I'll ask them to put up some sandwiches."

But that was what they had wanted—to go up into the mountains—and they would have been quite content to go without him. Why should they be expected to take any particular interest in his not too prosperous affairs?

The haymakers had shouted a last good-night, and, chuckling in the bow, Derek was telling her a story. They were nearing the foot of the lake and its shores were becoming steeper. A lamp shone faintly from one of the hotel windows. It was a story about a Cabinet minister who had been attending the conference at Oslo and tripped up rather badly while replying to a toast in Norwegian. Lucy broke into laughter, warm and delighted—laughter that he was too dull, he presumed, to be capable of evoking—and turning upon the thwart, she reminded Derek of a similar mishap that had occurred to her own father. It had been at a dinner-party before Ronny had come on the scene, and they began to recall their fellow-guests. "Yes, and don't you remember?" she said. She lowered her voice, and there came a deep "Ho, ho" in response from Derek.

From the stern of the boat Ronny continued to cast mechanically. It was four years last month since he had been married, and he supposed that he would have been simple enough, if Tom hadn't been home on leave, to have asked Derek to be his best man. Not that it would have mattered much, since Derek had taken damned good care to be best man ever since; and it had been so lucky, hadn't it? that Lucy's picture-postcard should have followed him from London to his hotel at Oslo. It was so nice, too, as his mother had put it, that another man should have come to complete their party—and such a superior man, so much more amusing, so obviously just the man that was wanted.

There was scarcely a hundred yards now between the two banks, and though the sky was still clear above the in-drawing precipices, all light had ebbed from the lake itself, and in the gathering dusk Ronny's breath had become visible. They had drifted past the little beach that was the hotel landing-place, but the hotel was hidden from them by the steep shore, just as the tiers of boulders on the opposite bank had shut away the railway cutting and the road beyond. He cast in silence as the lake became narrower and the boat gathered way a little upon the outflowing current, and it was here if anywhere, before the light had quite gone, that Derek ought to take up his rod again.

But he was otherwise engaged. A fish rose just out of reach, and Lucy should have seen it and manœuvred the boat towards it. But she was too engrossed in her laughing conversation, and for all Ronny cared now, she could remain so. He lifted his flies in. It was growing hard to see them. But they were still intact and he went on fishing. The current was swinging the boat towards the northern bank, and he began to cast into its reflected darkness. Lucy and Derek were chattering in Norwegian, and damn them, let them chatter. He was tired of them. The retreating rocks quickened their pace a trifle, and suddenly he noticed this, and glanced over his left shoulder. It was not his business, of course. But the bridge at the mouth of the ravine was looking curiously near to them—much too near. It was an iron bridge, high above the water, carrying the little side-road to the hotel, and immediately below it was the first of the cataracts methodically thudding into the darkness beyond. It was not a very deep one, and the boat might live through it and possibly through the rapids into which it broke, but not over the next, with its savage twenty-foot drop into the first of the great salmon-pools below. In his mind's eye he saw it, the Varda Pool, between the boil at its head and its jagged outspill, flanked on the left by an unclimbable precipice and only to be fished from the rocks on the right.

His glance fell on Lucy, who was responsible for the boat. But she was still laughing and listening to Derek. All right; it would be amusing to see them wake up, only in another few seconds, of course, it would be too late. With a cold rage he turned back to his fishing, while the necessary seconds bowed themselves out. Well, it would be an even chance. They could all swim. But could they? There was something that he had forgotten. Derek was in waders—waders and brogues. He wouldn't have a dog's chance; and Lucy loved him.

(III)

Yes, that's you. That's what you really are. It was as though, in the last of those irrevocable seconds, a finger had touched him and shown him a glass. But he schooled himself to speak lightly.

"Boat all right?" he asked, and in an instant Lucy was at attention. He saw her white face, after a quick backward glance. Her fingers tightened over the clumsy oars, and he knew that he loved her more than anything on earth. Derek was already behind her pulling at the right-hand oar, and dropping upon his knees he helped her to back with the left. But they would never reach the bank, he knew, and under the shadow of those tremendous mountains she seemed to have become the child that he had never known.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"That's all right, dear." But oh God, *God*, what had he done?

Both Lucy and Derek were familiar with boats and nothing of their strength was wasted, but they were still broadside on as they swept under the bridge, and he saw that Derek had stopped pulling.

"Better get her round again," he said, "if we're going down."

It was a matter of seconds now before they would be over the cataract. The damp air of the ravine was already in their nostrils. He nodded and noticed that Derek was grinning.

"Quite a Canadian touch, what?"

Lucy had turned and was gripping the sides of the boat. He heard Derek shout something. But it was drowned by the roar of the cataract. The jaws of the ravine were closing about them. He was conscious of the evening sky, far above their heads, a tiny strip of it, infinitely unconcerned; and below the smooth curve, a yard or two ahead, he

THE HAMLET. By S. R. Badmin

(Continued on p. 30)

THE BETROTHAL

From a Drawing in Colour made for this Christmas Number

By Blanche

Down to the Country with "Victory"

But the grandest chapter of our experience within the whole mail-coach service was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo: the second and third years of which period (1806 and 1807) were comparatively sterile, but the other nine (from 1805 to 1815 inclusively) furnished a long succession of victories, the least of which, in such a contest of Titans, had an inappreciable value of position — partly for its absolute interference with the plans of our enemy, but still more for its keeping alive through Central Europe the sense of a deep-seated vulnerability in France. Even to tease the coasts of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing, if it were but a baubling schooner, under the eyes of their arrogant armies, repeated from time to time a sullen proclamation of power lodged in one quarter to which the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity of having bearded the *élite* of their troops and having beaten them in pitched battles! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach when carrying down the first tidings of any such event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did any unauthorized rumour steal away a prelibation from the first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest news.

"Horses! Can these be horses that bound off with the action and gesture of leopards? What stir! what sea-like ferment!"

From 8 p.m. to fifteen or twenty minutes later imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post Office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember, but from the length of each separate *attelage* we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses—were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage on every morning in the year was taken down to an official inspector for examination: wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, lamps were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman, and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and behold, to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition — horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially His Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post office, wear the royal liveries, of course; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connection with the great news in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress; for the usual reserve of their manner of speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendant bond of his national blood.

The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur of the Empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off; which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! Can these be horses that bound off with the action and gesture of leopards? What stir! what sea-like ferment! what a thundering of wheels! what a trampling of hoofs! what a sounding of trumpets! what farewell cheers! what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—"Liverpool for ever!" with the name of the particular victory—"Badajoz for ever!" or "Salamanca for ever!" The half-slumbering consciousness that all night long and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, live fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westward for three hundred miles, northward for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

"We are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows"

"We soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour"

Thomas De Quincey's Wonderful Word-Picture of the Great Coaching Days. Specially Illustrated by E. A. Cox for this Issue of "The Sphere"

"We passengers raise our hats to the ladies —the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip"

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows; young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols; and rolling volleys of sympathizing cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands, sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation.

On the London side of Barnet, to which we draw near within a few minutes after nine, observe that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm the glasses are all down and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within. It contains three ladies — one likely to be "mamma," and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes in these ingenuous girls! By the sudden start and raising of the hands on first discovering our laurelled equipage, by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them, and by the heightened colour on their animated countenances, we can almost hear them saying, "See, see! Look at their laurels! Oh, mamma! there has been a great battle in Spain; and it has been a great victory." In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers—I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me — raise our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under the Crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture; all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing to *them?* Oh, no, they will not say *that*. They cannot deny—they do not deny—that for this night they are our sisters; gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to come, we on the outside have the honour to be their brothers. Those poor women again, who stop to gaze upon us with delight at the entrance of Barnet and seem, by their air of weariness, to be returning from labour—do you mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken. I assure you they stand in a far higher rank; for this one night they feel themselves by birthright to be daughters of England and answer to no humbler title.

Every joy, however, even rapturous joy—such is the sad law of earth—may carry with it grief, or fear of grief, to some. Three miles beyond Barnet we see approaching us another private carriage, nearly repeating the circumstances of the former case. Here, also, the glasses are all down; here, also, is an elderly lady seated! but the two daughters are missing; for the single young person sitting by the lady's side seems to be an attendant—so I judge from her dress and her air of respectful reserve. The lady is in mourning, and her countenance expresses sorrow. At first she does not look up; so that I not believe she is not aware of our approach, until she hears the measured beating of our horses' hoofs. Then she raises her eyes to settle them painfully on our triumphal equipage. Our decorations explain the case to her at once, but she beholds them with apparent anxiety, or even with terror. Some time before this, I, finding it difficult to hit a flying mark when embarrassed by the coachman's person and reins interposed, had given to the guard a *Courier* evening paper, containing the gazette, for that might pass. Accordingly he folded that the huge capitals such legend as GLORIOUS VICTORY might catch the eye at once. To see the paper, however, at all, interpreted as it was by our ensigns of triumph, explained everything, and if the guard were right in thinking the lady to have received it with a gesture of horror, it could not be doubtful that she had suffered some deep personal affliction in connection with this Spanish war.

The victory here referred to in such glowing words by De Quincey was that of Talavera, fought in 1809 under the third George

Here, now, was the case of one who, having formerly suffered, might, erroneously perhaps, be distressing herself with anticipations of another similar suffering. That same night, and hardly three hours later, occurred the reverse case. A poor woman who, too, probably would find herself in a day or two to have suffered the heaviest of afflictions by the battle, blindly allowed herself to express an exultation so unmeasured in the news and its details as gave to her the appearance which among Celtic Highlanders is called fey. This was at some little town where we changed horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near, and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically, Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels, whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness; these optical splendours, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenial and affecting, theatrical and holy.

As we stayed for three or four minutes I alighted, and immediately from a dismantled stall in the street, where, no doubt, she had been presiding through the earlier part of the night, advanced eagerly a middle-aged woman. The sight of my newspaper it was that had drawn her attention upon myself. The victory which we were carrying down to the provinces on *this* occasion was the imperfect one of Talavera—imperfect for its results, such was the virtual tragedy of the Spanish general Cuesta, but not imperfect in its ever-memorable heroism. I told her the main outline of the battle. The agitation of her enthusiasm had been so conspicuous when listening, and when first applying for information, that I could not but ask her if she had not some relative in the Peninsula army. Oh yes; her only son was there. In what regiment? He was a trooper in the 23rd Dragoons. My heart sank within me as she made that answer. This sublime regiment, which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat to their memory, had made the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals. They leaped their horses—*over* a trench where they could; *into* it, and with the result of death or mutilation when they could *not*. What proportion cleared the trench is nowhere stated. Those who *did* closed up and went down upon the enemy with such divinity of fervour (I use the word *divinity* by design; the inspiration of God must have prompted this movement to those whom even then He was calling to His presence) that two results followed. As regarded the enemy—this 23rd Dragoons—not, I believe, originally 350 strong, paralysed a French column 6,000 strong, then ascended the hill and

(Continued on a later page)

"We saw many lights moving about as we draw near . . . the flashing of torches upon the heads of our horses . . ."

At the Pool

From the painting by Billie Waters, exhibited at the Royal Academy

PUSS WITHOUT BOOTS

A Fairy Story as Told by the First Writer of Fairy Tales

By Cecil Headlam

A Christmas or so ago we showed our readers how Cinderella made her first bow in literature. This year we present, as the screen folk say, the first appearance of that benevolent cat, familiar to us as Puss in Boots. Pussy, it will be seen, when she first steps on the stage, is merely an enchanted cat, a fairy in disguise. Her inventor had not thought of endowing her with boots. It was Giovanni Francesco Straparola who first told the tale, and perhaps invented it. "Of Caravaggio," he declared himself to be, and we may take it that he was born at the little town not far from Cremona. Straparola was probably a nickname, signifying chatterbox. We know little else about him. But in 1550 and 1553 he published at Venice a collection of tales, to which he gave the title of *Piacevoli Notti* (Pleasant Nights). Straparola was a bad writer—from the purely literary point of view. His language is bald, his sentences shapeless, and his grammar often faulty. But he was a first rate story-teller, and though often outrageously coarse and crude, his tales of Italian life have the merit of being inspired by a genuine if rollicking sense of fun. But his highest merit is that he was the first writer to turn the old folk-lore tales to literary account. He collected and published the stray fairy tales, for the most part brought from the East, which were being told by itinerant story-tellers in the streets of Venice and other Italian cities. Coming from the source they did, they are naturally tinged for the most part with an Oriental flavour. Among Straparola's stories are several which have since been rendered familiar by the translations of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Straparola's collection formed the chief source of the French *Contes des Fées* (fairy tales) published in the following centuries. Perrault, Madame d'Aulnoy, and Gueulette borrowed from it many of their best stories.

The tale of the Enchanted Cat was first repeated in a more elaborate and literary form by the Neapolitan Basile, in his *Pentamerone*. Then Pussy received a new and lasting fame when Perrault endowed her with the pair of boots which she has worn ever since. Perrault, too, made another effective alteration by placing the Ogre in possession of the castle when Costantino arrives. The Ogre, then endeavouring to escape, changed himself into a mouse—a foolish choice from the animal world—and was promptly eaten by the all-conquering Cat.

Straparola introduces us to a company of Italian ladies who meet together to make music at a country house. When they have had their fill of music and song their hostess orders a golden vase to be brought, and places therein the names of each of the company. The lots are drawn, and she whose name is written on the first is invited to tell a story. "So she, laying aside her viol and bow, thus began":—

"It often happens, beloved ladies, that a rich man is reduced to poverty and a poor man rises to high estate. This happened to a poor fellow, who, from being a mere beggar came to be a king. Once upon a time there lived in Bohemia a woman named Soriana; she was very poor and had three sons, one called Dusolino, another Tesifono, and the third Costantino Fortunato. They had nothing in the world of any value except three things—a kneading bowl, such as women use to knead dough in, a baking-board for making bread, and a cat. Soriana, weighed down with years, being on the point of death, made her last will and testament, and to Dusolino, her eldest son, she left the kneading bowl, to Tesifono the baking board, and to Costantino the cat. When the mother was dead and buried, the neighbours would sometimes borrow the baking-board or the kneading bowl as they happened to require them, and since they knew that the lads were very poor, they would make a cake in return for the loan, which Dusolino and Tesifono would eat, leaving their youngest brother out in the cold. If Costantino asked them for anything, they would answer that he should go to his cat, who would give it him. So it came about that poor Costantino and his cat suffered greatly. But Pussy, who was a fairy in disguise, was moved by compassion for Costantino, and her anger was roused against the two brothers who treated him so cruelly. One day she said to him, "Costantino, do not be so sad, for I will provide for your living and my own." Thereupon she left the house and went out into the country, and by pretending to be asleep she caught a hare, who by this ruse had been tricked into coming close to her, and killed it. Then she went to the Royal Palace, and there, beholding some courtiers, told them that she wished to speak to the King.

"Now the King, when he heard that there was a cat which desired an audience with him, ordered her to be brought into his presence, and demanded what favour it was she sought. The cat replied that her master, Costantino, had sent her to present to the King a hare which he had caught, and forthwith offered it to him. The King accepted the gift and inquired who this Costantino was. The cat replied that he was a man who for virtue, beauty, and strength had no superior. Whereupon the King made her very welcome, and gave her plenty to eat and drink. The cat, when she was fully satisfied, waited till no one was looking, and then cleverly with her paw filled a bag, which she had concealed, with all kinds of goodly fare, and taking leave of the King, carried it to Costantino.

"His brothers, when they saw the food on which Costantino was feasting, asked him to share it with them. But he, giving them tit for tat, refused. Whereupon they were filled with a burning envy which continued to gnaw at their hearts.

(Continued on a later page)

The roundabouts get their share of popularity

The clown chases the ass in the ring to the intense amusement of the spectators

ALL the FUN of the FAIR . . . .

Pictures by Anton Bischof

The lure of the tragic story of Punch and Judy is felt in every country

The story teller—a special feature of this Continental fair—has a great pictorial sheet spread out behind him. He expounds the dire story, which is here seen as a very entertaining picture within a picture

Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges

for this Christmas issue of "The Sphere"

A Story of How Romance Came to a Tailor

TOLD BY GOTTFRIED KELLER

One of the most Notable of Continental Story Writers—Born 1819, Died 1890. He Attempted the Novel, but Found His True metier in the Story. This Example is Taken by Permission from "The People of Seldwyla," Published by J. M. Dent and Sons, who have Given Us an Excellent Translation of this Swiss Master's Work

One bleak November day a poor little tailor was wending his way along the high road to Goldach, a small, rich township not many hours' distant from Seldwyla. The tailor had nothing in his pockets but a thimble, which, for lack of coin of any kind, he continually turned about between his fingers when he put his hands in his pockets to protect them from the cold, and his fingers were smarting sharply from the twisting and rubbing, for owing to the failure of some Seldwyla tailor, he had lost work and wages at a blow and had had to leave the town. His only breakfast had been a few snowflakes which had flown into his mouth, and his prospects of getting any dinner were still more doubtful. He found begging extremely difficult, even impossible, for over his best suit, which was the only one he possessed, he wore a wide, dark grey cape, lined with black velvet, which lent the wearer an air of nobility and romance, especially as his long black hair and moustache were carefully tended, and as he rejoiced in pale but regular features.

This garb had become a necessity to him without concealing any evil or dishonest design. On the contrary, he was quite happy if people would only leave him alone and let him get on quietly with his work. But he would rather have starved than part with his cape and the Polish fur cap, which he also wore with great dignity.

For this reason he could find work only in the larger towns where such things did not attract too much attention. When he was on the road, without any savings by him, he fell into the direst want. If he approached a house the people looked at him with astonished curiosity, expecting anything rather than that he should beg, and as he was, moreover, not gifted with eloquence, the words stuck in his throat, so that he became a martyr to his cape and suffered hunger as black as its velvet lining.

Troubled and exhausted, he was climbing a hill when he encountered a new and comfortable travelling coach which a gentleman's coachman had been to fetch in Basle, and was driving home to his master, a foreign count, who was living somewhere in eastern Switzerland in an old castle he had rented or bought. The carriage was fitted with all kinds of contrivances for carrying luggage, and looked well loaded, though in fact everything was empty. As the way was steep the coachman was walking beside the horses, and when he remounted the box at the top, he asked the tailor if he would not like a lift in the empty carriage, for he had seen at a glance that the wayfarer was struggling wearily and painfully through the world.

The tailor accepted the offer with humble thanks, whereupon the carriage rolled off with him, and within an hour was thundering pompously through the town gate of Goldach. The handsome vehicle suddenly drew up in front of the best inn in the place known as the Balance, and forthwith the ostler pulled the bell so violently that the wire nearly broke. Then host and servants rushed headlong down the steps and flung open the carriage door. Children and neighbours had already flocked round the splendid coach, eager to see what kind of a kernel so incredible a husk would reveal, and when the bewildered tailor at last leapt out in his cape, pale and handsome and melancholy, with downcast eyes, they thought he must be a mysterious prince, or a nobleman's son at the very least. The space between the carriage and the porch of the inn was narrow, and was, moreover, considerably blocked up with onlookers. Whether he lacked presence of mind, or the courage to break through the crowd and go his way, in any case the tailor did nothing of the kind, but let himself be led without demur into the house and up the stairs, and was only fully aware of his strange position when he found himself wafted into a pleasant dining-room and relieved of his cape by willing hands.

"You wish to dine, sir?" he heard. "Dinner will be served in a moment. It is just ready."

Without waiting for an answer, the host of the Balance rushed into the kitchen shouting, "God help us! there isn't a thing in the house but beef and mutton. I daren't touch the partridge pie. It's promised to the supper gentlemen—it was specially made for them! It's always the way. The one day we don't expect anyone, a gentleman like that must turn up! And the coachman's got a crest on his buttons, and the carriage is like a duke's! And the young man can hardly open his mouth, he's so genteel!"

But the placid cook replied, "What's all the fuss about, master? Just serve up the pie. He won't finish it. Then we'll serve the supper gentlemen in portions. We'll manage six portions out of it easily enough."

"Six portions! You forget that the gentlemen are used to getting enough," said the landlord, but the cook continued imperturbably: "So they shall. Send out for half-a-dozen cutlets at once. We'll need them for the stranger anyhow, and what he leaves I'll cut up and mix in with the pie."

But the worthy host replied gravely, "Cook, I've already told you that such things won't do in this town and in this house. We've got the honour of the house to keep up, and we can afford it!"

"Oh, yes! we know all about that," said the cook, somewhat moved at last, "but when you're at your wits' end you've got to make a sacrifice. Here's a brace of woodcock I bought from the huntsman this very minute. We can put them in the pie, anyway. They aren't so dainty that they'll turn up their noses at woodcock in the partridge pie. And then there are the trout. I put the biggest into boiling water as soon as I saw that strange carriage coming. And there's the soup simmering in the saucepan, so we've got fish, beef, cutlets, and vegetables, roast mutton, and the pie. Just hand over the key so that I can get out some preserves and the dessert. And, by the way, master, you might trust the key to an honest woman, so that I don't have to go running after you all over the place and sometimes don't know where to turn."

"Cook, dear, you mustn't take it ill, but I promised my poor dead wife on her death-bed that I would never part with the keys, so it's a matter of principle not of distrust. Here's the pickles and the cherries and the pears and the apricots, but we can't send in the stale pastry. Tell Lisa to run to the pastry-cooks and get some fresh, three platefuls, and if he's got a good fruit tart she's to bring it, too."

"But master, you can't put that all down to one guest. With the best will in the world you'll lose on it!"

"It doesn't matter. It's for the honour of the thing. It won't ruin me, but a great gentleman passing through our town has got to be able to say he found something fit to eat, even though he came unexpectedly and in winter, too. People aren't going to say of us what they say of the landlords in Seldwyla, that they eat up all the good things and give the guests the bones. Now to work! Quick's the word, bustle about!"

During these copious preparations the tailor was in a perfect agony of fear, for the table was being laid with gleaming crockery and silver, and however bitterly the famished man had longed a short time ago for something to eat, he now yearned as anxiously to flee the threatening meal. Finally he plucked up courage, cast his cape about him, put on his cap, and set off to find the way out. But his wits being somewhat confused and the house roomy he could not find the staircase, and the waiter, whom the Devil himself kept hovering about, thinking he was looking for a certain convenience, cried: "Allow me, sir," and led him along a long corridor, which simply ended at a finely polished door with a dainty inscription on it.

So he of the cape went in, unresisting and mild as a lamb, and duly locked the door behind him. Then, sighing bitterly, he leaned against the wall and longed for the freedom of the open road, which now, for all the bad weather, seemed to him the sum of happiness.

Yet here he involved himself in his first independent lie, for he stayed awhile behind the locked door and thus set foot on the slippery path of evil.

Meanwhile the landlord, who had seen him in his cape, bawled "The gentleman feels cold! Fire in the dining-room! Where's Lisa, where's Anna? Quick, a basket of wood in the stove and a handful of shavings to light it with! In God's name, are we going to let the guests sit down to table in the Balance in their coats?"

And when the tailor came wandering forth from the long corridor, mournful as the ghostly grandsire of an ancestral castle, he led him, bowing and rubbing his hands, into that unhallowed dining-room. There, without further delay, he was invited to table, his chair was placed, and as the fragrance of the good, strong soup, the like of which he had not smelt for many a long day, finally bereft him of all remaining will-power, he sat down in God's name and plunged his spoon into the golden-brown liquid. Mutely he restored his drooping spirits and was served with respectful silence and calm.

When he had finished his plateful the landlord, seeing that he relished it, politely urged him to take another spoonful—it did one good this raw weather. Then the trout was brought in, crowned with green, and the landlord laid a fine piece on his plate. Yet the tailor, harassed out of what wits he possessed, did not dare to use the shining knife but fiddled about gingerly with his silver fork. The cook, who was peeping in at the door to get a sight of the fine gentleman, noticed this and said to the others, "Now the Lord be praised! He knows how to eat fine fish properly. He doesn't go sawing at the tender flesh as if he were slaughtering a calf! He's real quality. I'd swear to it if it wasn't forbidden. And how handsome and sad he is! He'll be in love with some poor young lady and can't have her. Well, well, the gentry have their trials to bear too!"

Meanwhile, the landlord had noticed that the guest was drinking nothing and said with profound respect, "Perhaps the gentleman doesn't like the table-wine? What about a glass of good claret I can thoroughly recommend?"

Then the tailor committed his second independent blunder by obediently saying yes instead of no, and mine host of the Balance forthwith repaired in person to the cellar to look out a choice bottle, for he had set his heart on being known for having something fit to eat and drink in the place. When the guest, racked by conscience, sipped his glass in tiny mouthfuls, the landlord ran joyously into the kitchen, smacked his tongue, and cried, "The devil take it, he knows what's what! He rolls my good wine on his tongue like a banker weighing a ducat."

"Praise be!" said the cook. "I told you so. He's real gentry."

So the meal took its course, and somewhat slowly, for the poor little tailor ate hesitatingly and gingerly, and the host, so as not to hurry him, left the

"Children and neighbours had already flocked round the splendid coach, eager to see what kind of a kernel so incredible a husk would reveal"

dishes standing before him for some time. Yet his hunger, thus constantly and dangerously titillated, began to quell his fear, and when the partridge pie appeared, the tailor's mood changed and a thought began to take firm shape in his mind. "There's no help for it. I should be a fool to face the shame and punishment which are sure to come without getting a good meal for it. So on, while there is time! That little tower they have just set up may well be the last thing I'll get. I'll make sure of that, come what may. Not even a king can rob me of what is once inside me!"

And he suited the action to the word. With the courage of despair he hewed into the toothsome pie, without thinking of stopping, and, in less than five minutes, more than half had vanished and things began to look ominous for the supper gentlemen. Meat, truffles, forcemeat, crust, top and bottom, he devoured everything without respect of persons, intent only on getting his little bellyful before the crash came, and he drank the wine in sturdy gulps and stuffed great hunks of bread into his mouth. In short, it was the same hurried scramble as when the farmer, in a gathering storm, has the hay pitched into the barn directly on the forks. Again the landlord rushed into the kitchen, crying "Cook! he's eating the pie and he scarcely touched the roast. And he's gulping down the claret half a glass at a time!"

"And much good may it do him," said the cook. "Let him be! If he'd been common dirt, he'd have stuck to the roast."

"That's what I say," said the landlord. "It doesn't look very refined, to be sure, but when I was travelling for my education, I only saw generals and deans eating like that!"

Meanwhile the coachman had had the horses fed and had despatched a thumping meal himself in the common room, and as he was in a hurry he had the horses put to without delay. The servants of the Balance could no longer contain themselves and asked the coachman point-blank, before it was too late, who his master was and what was his name. The coachman, a sly wag, replied, "Hasn't he told you himself?" "No," was the reply, and he rejoined, "I'm not surprised—he doesn't say much in a day's journey. Well, he's Count Strapinski. But he'll stay here to-day and perhaps a few days longer, for he told me to go on with the carriage."

He perpetrated this bad joke to revenge himself on the little tailor who, as he thought, instead of taking leave of him with a word of thanks, had betaken himself into the house to play the gentleman without so much as a glance. To carry his prank to the utmost limit, he remounted the box without asking for the reckoning for himself and the horses, flourished his whip, and drove from the town, and everything seemed quite in order and was put down on the honest tailor's bill.

Now, as luck would have it, the latter, a Silesian by birth, was really called Strapinski, Wenzel Strapinski. This may have been chance, or possibly the tailor had taken out his journeyman's book in the carriage and left it lying

(Continued on page 28)

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

(Continued from page 27)

"Strapinski sits down to a groaning board while mine host plies him with rich wines"

there, and the coachman had picked it up. However, when the landlord, beaming, and rubbing his hands, appeared before him and asked whether My Lord Count Strapinski would prefer a glass of Tokay or a glass of champagne for dessert, and announced that his rooms were just being got ready, poor Strapinski turned pale, fell into fresh confusion, and answered never a word.

"Highly interesting," growled the landlord, again hastening to the cellar where, out of a special closet, he took not only a bottle of Tokay but a little flagon of Bocksbeutel, and slipped a bottle of champagne under his arm. Poor Strapinski now beheld a little thicket of glasses before him from the midst of which the champagne glass rose like a poplar. It all glistened, tinkled, and exhaled before him in the strangest way, and what was still stranger, the poor but dapper little man was not over-clumsy in coping with the thicket, and when he saw the landlord pouring a drop of red wine into his glass of champagne, he poured a few drops of Tokay into his own. Meanwhile the town clerk and the notary had arrived for their coffee and their daily game. They were soon joined by the elder son of Haeberlin and Company, the younger son of Putschli-Nievergelt, and the book-keeper of a big spinnery, Herr Melcher Böhni, but instead of sitting down to their game they all moved round the Polish Count in a wide circle, their hands in their hind pockets, their eyes a-twinkle, and smiling from ear to ear. For they were those members of good business houses who had stayed at home all their lives while their relatives and partners were sitting in the four corners of the earth, on which account they imagined that they had vast knowledge of the world.

The tailor accepts an invitation to accompany his companions to the Jolly Town Councillor, who resides in the neighbourhood

In half an hour they reach the Councillor's estate; Strapinski swept a magnificent half-circle, and pulled up the fiery horses with a bang. They sprang from the carriages, and the table was soon set with a half-a-dozen carafes of cornelian-coloured Sauser. The hot, fermenting drink was first tried and praised, then they merrily buckled to in earnest, while the master of the house spread the news that a distinguished Count, a Pole, was there, and saw to the provision of better entertainment.

Meanwhile the company divided into two groups to make up for the lost game, for in that district no men could be altogether without playing, probably to satisfy their native energy. Strapinski, who had to decline taking a hand for various reasons, was invited to look on, for even that seemed to them worth his while, seeing that they were accustomed to display so much shrewdness and presence of mind over the cards. He was forced to take a seat between the two tables, and they laid themselves out to show off all their wit and skill in the game, and to entertain the guest at the same time. So he sat there like a sickly prince, whose courtiers entertain him with a pleasant comedy representing the ways of the world. They explained to him the most important details of the game, its tricks and tactics, and when one party was obliged to concentrate all its attention on the game for a moment, the other sprang into the breach the more eagerly. They fancied that the best subject for conversation was horses, hunting, and so on. And as a matter of fact, Strapinski was most at home in this subject, for he had only to deal out the expressions he had overheard from officers and squires, who had delighted him even when he first heard them. As he made sparing use of these expressions, and spoke with a certain bashfulness and a melancholy smile, he only increased the impression he had made, and when two or three of the gentlemen rose and stepped aside for a moment, they said, "That's a thorough Junker!"

Melchior Böhni alone, being a born sceptic, rubbed his hands in glee and said to himself: "I can see it coming. Goldach's in for another row. But it's high time. It's two years since the last. That man has got funny pricked fingers—perhaps he got them at Praga or Ostrolenka. Well, God preserve me from stopping the fun!"

The two games being now at an end, and the gentlemen's thirst for Sauser slaked, they decided to cool their heads over the Councillor's old wine which was now brought, yet the cooling process was somewhat heated, for a general game of hazard was proposed to prevent them from lying about doing nothing. The cards were mixed, each threw a Brabartine thaler into the pool, and when Strapinski's turn came, he could not very well put down his thimble. "I haven't got any of that money," he said, blushing. Melchior Böhni, who had been watching him, immediately put down his stake for him without anyone taking any notice, for they all felt too comfortable to imagine that there could be anyone in the world without money. The next moment the whole pool was pushed over to the tailor who had won; in his confusion, he left the money lying, and Böhni set a stake for the next round, which another won, and so on for the third. Yet the Polak won the fourth and the fifth, and began gradually to wake up and feel his way. Preserving his calm, he played with varying luck. Once he was down to a single thaler, which he had to stake, won again, and at the end, when they had had enough of the game, he possessed a few louis d'or, more than he had ever had in his life, which, when he saw that everybody was putting his money into his pocket, he also picked up, not without some apprehension that the whole thing might be a dream. Böhni, who had kept a close watch on him, was now quite clear in his mind, and thought, "The devil take me if he was ever born to a coach and four!"

The tailor begins to fall in love with the Councillor's lovely daughter

And indeed, it was no small matter to see beside him a glittering hand on which three or four bracelets jingled, and at every fleeting side-glance to be aware of a head dressed in a charmingly dashing style, a sweet blush, and the full gaze of two eyes. For he could do or leave undone what he liked, everything was interpreted as being uncommon and distinguished, and the young lady, who in other circumstances could chatter by the hour about breaches of social convention, regarded his very awkwardness as delightful as its unwonted naïveté. Everybody being in high good-humour, a few of the guests sang songs in vogue in the 'thirties. The Count was begged for a song in Polish. Wine

(Continued on a later page)

"The next moment the whole pool was pushed over to the tailor who had won"

"SNOW FALLS UPON THE EARTH LIKE A CHILL KISS FROM HEAVEN"

"*When* WINTER *Garbs the Hoary* EARTH *in* WHITE"

BELOW THE FALLS

By H. H. BASHFORD

(Continued from p. 20)

could see the glimmering froth of the rapids beneath. There were perhaps fifty yards of these, with a deep central channel, sentinelled here and there by half-visible rocks, and beyond them nothing but the sound, steadfast and increasing, of the hidden falls that awaited them.

(IV)

There had been a green wall that had stared down at him before something had struck him and blinded him with blood; and afterward there had been a hand sliding across a rock, and something going to pieces about his knees. He had been on his feet for a second, with something in his arms, and then the avalanche had caught him and his arms had been empty, and he had been pushed down, down into an agony of darkness, and deeper than the agony into what must have been death. But if he were dead, why was he trying to remember something—something monstrous that he couldn't escape? He slid into unconsciousness again, but it crept back, something behind the agony and the avalanche.

He became aware of his fingers folded into a crevice, dragging him back to the thing he must face. But if he were alive, why was the water washing over his lips? Water drowned people, and he seemed to be breathing it. He opened his eyes, and suddenly, like an outstretched spring, time snapped back again into its place. He was sprawling over a ledge half under water, and the thunder in his ears was that of the Varda Falls. He had been swept under the precipice that guarded the left of the pool, and the cells of his body, struggling blindly for oxygen, must have fastened his fingers into this crack and clung there instinctively, loth to die. It was a narrow ledge, polished and dark, that melted into the rock-face a yard from where he lay, and already he felt the scour of the current under the falls tugging insistently at his legs.

He stared at his fingers, desperately weak. There was another yard of rock between them and the precipice, but the ledge appeared to broaden a little and retreat from the water as it curved upwards towards the falls. With infinite difficulty he lifted his head—it was as though his neck muscles had been torn from their roots—and listlessly measured the steepness of the incline and the distance from his fingers to the nearest hand-hold. From the fall itself he purposely kept his eyes. For the rest of his life he would hear nothing else.

"That you, Ronny? Ronny, *Ronny*," he could hear them already, tolling in his brain.

His fingers began to weaken—easy to let go. But the thunder became impersonal again, and he supposed he must do something; and presently, sick and giddy, with his heart ticking under his arm-pit, he was lying face downwards upon the shelf. It was some six feet across here, chiselled out of the precipice, and perhaps a yard above the water, and he could see it rising in front of him for another couple of yards before it vanished under the falls. In time of spate, indeed, it was clear that the whole of it would be buried under the torrent, and even now it was slippery with the spray that continually rained down upon it. For a moment or two he lay there with the blackness in his eyes, and the tolling began again, faint and ironical, but a little nearer and with something in its note that forced him at last to his knees.

"Ronny, Ronny."

He listened with straining ears, but it was not until he had crept another foot or two along the ledge that he fully understood it was Derek who had been calling to him, and saw his head lolling upon the water. Even then, for an instant, he thought it must be an illusion, for how could he be floating there, a foot from the fall? But in the next he had realized, with a racing heart, that there must be a second shelf below Derek's feet. Lost in the torrent that was pounding against his shoulder, his left hand was clinging to something out of sight, and his right had evidently been groping to reach the ledge, though it was now trailing upon the water. But he was alive and had opened his eyes.

"Sorry, I'm about done," he said. "It's these damned waders."

"No, you're not," said Ronny. "We can get you out of that," and at least, if they couldn't, they would go under together. The blood was running into his eyes again, but he shook it out and found a niche in the shelf behind him. He dug his toes into it and cautiously twisted himself round, grasping a button of rock on the brink of the ledge. Derek swayed forward and Ronny caught hold of his wrist.

"Steady on," he said. "What are you standing on?"

"Don't know. Haven't dared to move."

"Well, have a shot."

"Sure I shan't drag you in?"

Ronny nodded, biting his lips, and Derek moved an inch or two to his right.

"Let go with your left now."

The current spun Derek round, and for a horrible moment Ronny thought that his heart had burst. But Derek recovered himself, and with his free hand managed to grasp Ronny's sleeve. It all depended now upon that unseen shelf and the remaining strength of them both. Derek began to move again, his right shoulder lifting out of the water, and Ronny changed his grip to Derek's left wrist.

"Half a moment," said Derek, "the shelf's petering out."

The brink was still out of reach of his right hand. Ronny glanced back over his shoulder—if only the ledge weren't so devilish slippery. Dwindled by the roar, there came from the other side of the pool a faint but unmistakable coo-ee; and thank God, or whatever God was, nothing mattered now, nothing mattered. He bent down to Derek.

"She's all right," he said. "Lucy's all right. I'm going to give you a heave."

Digging his toes in and shutting his eyes, he summoned the last of his strength. He saw Derek's fingers clutching at the brink, slipping out of sight, and clutching again. The water-logged waders felt like a ton of lead, but an inch beyond Derek's fingers there was a fissure in the granite. He shut his eyes again, and saw nothing and felt nothing.

"Kismet!" gasped Derek. "You've done it."

(V)

It had grown dark now, so dark that they could not see the rocks on the far side of the pool, and for perhaps five minutes they lay there exhausted with the water running out of Derek's waders. Neither of them had spoken again, but presently Ronny opened his eyes staring lazily at the sky, and some time or other, he supposed, they would be rescued. Lucy was already, no doubt, on her way to the hotel. But he was at peace. Though he had seen himself as he really was and, but for this miracle, would have become, he was at peace, with a totally undeserved but deep and unassailable peace. For how could he be jealous again, knowing what he was, and with Derek at his side and Lucy safe? Derek sat up, clasping his knees.

"What'd you give," he said, "for a cigarette?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm quite happy."

Derek glanced down at him.

"Well, you've saved my life."

Ronny smiled.

"Not till I'd damned nearly murdered you."

"How do you mean?"

Ronny told him.

"But I don't understand."

"No, you wouldn't. No decent person would. I'm only telling you."

He lifted himself upon his elbow.

"And there's another thing. Aren't you and Lucy rather fond of each other?"

"Well, of course we are. What about it?"

"I mean you're in love with each other, aren't you?"

Derek stared at him.

"Lucy and I? What on earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You needn't be worried. I only want to be quite sure."

"But, my dear old Ronny."

"Then you're not?"

"Not in that sense. Of course not."

From the darkness above somebody was shouting to them.

"And look here," said Derek, "about the boat; you can't get away from it that Lucy and I ought to have been attending to our job."

(VI)

There had appeared no object in alarming Mrs. Markham. When Lucy had reached the hotel, she was changing her dress, and a word to Herr Grimstadt and the men who accompanied him had been met with nods of comprehension. But it couldn't be concealed, of course, that they had had a little adventure. Lucy had swum ashore, it seemed, and gone for help. Ronny and Derek had been hauled up a precipice, and Herr Grimstadt's boat had unfortunately gone west. Ronny was wearing a bandage too, as Mrs. Markham placidly noticed, and they had all come into dinner an hour and a half late. But it had clearly been a matter, as they desired her to understand, of no particular importance.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Lucy. "What about me, climbing over all those rocks with bare feet?"

"Not a patch," said Derek, "on getting out of a salmon-pool with both one's waders full of water-fall."

He grinned at Ronny.

"Old Ronny came off best," he said. "Just got knocked out and was wafted ashore."

Ronny was content to smile, meeting his wife's eyes.

"But nevertheless," said Derek, "if the regulations permit, I think we might discover whether old Grimstadt has anything hidden away in his cellar."

But even so, as Mrs. Markham suspected, there was still something that he hadn't been told. Mrs. Markham asked no questions, but believed that it was not only Herr Grimstadt's boat that had been swept away over the Varda Falls.

THE END

"LOVE AND DEATH." By Magda Schole

THE COMET

By R. C. Peter

THE SHOOTING STAR By R. C. Peter

Both these compositions are reproduced here from original mezzotint engravings by Mr. R. C. Peter. Mr. Peter is one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers; his work is much esteemed by connoisseurs

A POSY OF CHILDREN

Christmas is pre-eminently the Season of Youth; not a household but on this occasion revolves round the children as a planet round the sun. "The Sphere," therefore, is fittingly devoting the central pages of the Christmas Number to pictures of Children, some hitherto unreproduced in facsimile colour, recorded by masters of the past—Velasquez, Romney, van Everdingen, and lesser-known hands, that the youth of yesterday may unite with that of to-day in honouring The Feast of Yule

THE GIRL WITH THE SHUTTLECOCK, by Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin

Upon this page are presented three little-known studies by distinguished masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of Youth. Chardin (1699–1779) was pre-eminently a painter of still life who was markedly under Dutch influence; his treatment of the domestic objects of his period is famous. He was in strong artistic contrast to the spirit of his age which manifested itself mainly in *scènes galantes*. His portrait of "The Girl with the Shuttlecock" foreshadows the virtuous revolution that found its greatest exponents in Diderot and Greuze. Velasquez, termed the "Painter of Earth" in contradistinction to his contemporary, Murillo, the "Painter of Heaven," is more famous for his portraits of potentates, military, ecclesiastical, or regal, than for his representation of the very young. Yet he brings to the portrait of Don Philipp Prosper — the son of his great patron, Philip IV—the same superb

DON PHILIPP PROSPER, by Diego de Silva y Velasquez

technique that has made his "Admiral Pulido Pareja" so noble and favourite an inhabitant of the National Gallery. The charming use of the white puppy—itself aptly youthful —and the solemn face of the Infante rising from his stately robes, ornamented with the picturesque but curiously frivolous bells, combine to re-create for us the real youth of seventeenth-century aristocratic Spain. The Romney, dated 1782, which shows the then Mrs. Russell (her husband was shortly to be created Sir George Russell, Bart.,) has in it, according to one critic, more humanity than any of the Emma Harts by which this artist is mainly known to-day. All three children have their charm—more especially their charm of costume. The long skirts and stiff stuffs strike an alien note — a note of formalism and severity far removed from the bruises and scratched knees, the friendliness and comradeship that are the happy lot of children to-day

LADY RUSSELL AND CHILD, by George Romney.

A POSY OF CHILDREN

By kind permission of Mr. Frank T. Sabin, New Bond Street

WINTER

By the Artist of the Famous "Cries of London" Series,

FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A.

This picture is one of a pair, the other representing "Summer." Two very attractive children appear in the composition entitled "Winter." They are typical of the pleasant young people that Francis Wheatley has recorded for us in such elegant late eighteenth century fashion. He painted for some years in Dublin and then in London. He was himself fond of good company and made many friends in the theatrical and social world whom he entertained with a fine disregard for the expenses which were entailed. The little boy shown here is essentially of the Wheatley type. The picture has never before been reproduced in colour

A LITTLE GIRL IN GREEN, *by* **John Opie, R.A.**

This quizzical little miss with her fringe and her big hat presents a delightful picture of the childhood of the eighteenth century. Her green sash and green ribbons give the picture a distinctive note. The name of the little girl was Mary and she was the daughter of a Mr. John Robinson of Durham. The portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1788. It is here reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Philip Moore and Son, Ltd., of Ryder Street, St. James's

A Posy of Children

A LITTLE LADY OF ALKMAAR (?) *by* Cesar Boetius van Everdingen

We are very pleased to be able to reproduce this delightful portrait by the Dutch painter, Van Everdingen, by the kind permission of the National Loan Collection Fund, into whose possession the picture recently came. It has never before been reproduced in colour. The canvas is unnamed, but the cap and ribbons may well give a clue to identity. The painter was a member of the Lucas Corporation of Alkmaar; he married Helene van Oosthoorn of Alkmaar and he was both born and buried at this picturesque Dutch city. The background of the picture has a strong air of actuality as if the little lady had posed more or less in front of the gate. The tones of the picture are soft and full of charm—an ineffable smile lights the little face

A POSY OF CHILDREN

A MODERN MOTHER AND CHILD

From a Painting by
ALFRED GIESS

Alfred Giess painted this fine composition on the eternal theme of maternity in Rome last year. It was exhibited in the 1931 Salon (Société des Artistes Français). The setting is, of course, Italian—a few cypresses dot the *campagna*. Mr. Giess's work has the welcome quality of restfulness; this healthy child rests placidly and confidently on its mother's knee

"ALL IS VANITY!"

From an original etching by DIANA THORNE

THE 501st CHRISTMAS

By Jane England

Over the brow of the hill, where the lane wound muddily between dark elms, the little manor house lay in its small and neglected garden. Above, the sky was the pale, windswept sky of December, which on stormy days seemed to swoop downwards till it rested, grey and heavy, on the thatched roof. The old house was weatherbeaten and shabby, and yet instinct with dignity, though long ago it had been split up into two parts, and for fifty years turned into labourers' cottages. Now it was in some part restored to its old status, for it belonged to one person, though she could not remove the ugly, cheap doors that disfigured the front, or restore the garden to its old serene beauty. The land that belonged to the manor was cut up into small holdings, and the villagers had little respect for anyone who lived in the Farm Cottage. For that was what it was called now, though once it had been called Calderon Manor. But now behind its garden rose an ugly, grey, square, Victorian edifice, which seemed infinitely more imposing and important than the small, gracious house that retained the lovely quietude of mellow age.

Besides, the village was tainted with modern ideas, and money meant more to them than old families. They had almost forgotten the days when landowners felt responsibility for their tenants, and remitted rents in bad years. There were no rents remitted now, no lady who scolded about insanitary rubbish heaps and kept an anxious eye on sick children, who sent good broth when there was illness; and now no young housemaids were trained at the hall. But there were wireless sets and bicycles and education, which enabled them to read the newspapers and know all about everything. The first thing they learnt was that money was everything, and that the old families were bloodsuckers and tyrants. And it was quite apparent at once that Merrill Lang was not anything at all, since she had taken the Farm Cottage, and did not keep a servant.

Not that Merrill minded *very* much. She would have detested a maid about the place to comment on her scanty housekeeping, who would look injured when she didn't get joints for dinner and bacon *and* eggs for breakfast. Merrill loved the old house, and she went her dark, absorbed way without noticing the curious stares and unfriendly, rather contemptuous, nods of the villagers. It was a great joke in the village, disseminated by the post office lady, that all letters were addressed to Calderon Manor, "Calderon Manor, the Farm Cottage ——, that's where old Ems and his wife used to live!"

Merrill was dark and small, with a skin that was the colour of deep cream, and her eyes were large and grey-green, shadowed by long lashes. Her mouth was dull red, and curved rather sulkily with a lifted upper lip, and she could look fiendishly angry, as she did when she caught the Larkin boy teasing a cat. She caught that large and oafish youth a stinging clip over the ear, and drove him off, yowling and frightened, while she took the cat, a half-starved, yellow animal, home with her. Larkin, himself, went to see her about that, and she frightened him almost as much as she had frightened his oaf of a son, and thereafter she was left severely alone, and only the effect of education and the popular press stopped her from being regarded as a witch of the first water. It was well known that after she had rescued the cat she had an extra pint of milk a day, which made them shake their heads and look knowing; and the cat himself grew enormous and sleek, tawny as a tiger, and with wild green eyes, and a purr that was so loud as to be almost a growl. Merrill called him by the prosaic name of Tommy, and loved him very much.

The boy Larkin had to pass by the Manor to get to his work; and when he returned in the evening Tommy, who possessed a long memory, would perch on the branch of an elm tree near the garden gate and growl at him in earnest so that the boy took to walking an extra mile round in order to avoid him.

"Serve the little pig right!" said Merrill, when this was reported to her by the milkman, who didn't think she was quite so bad when all was said and done; she had a nice manner at all events.

Inside the house, the long hall that had originally run from one end of the house to the other, had been mangled by partitions and cheap modern fireplaces. Merrill had had these removed and it now relied upon the huge open fireplace at one end, which smoked abominably. She had furnished it with straw mats and big chairs, and the small window flung shafts of golden light across the brick floor. In front of the big fire Tommy lay curled up on winter nights and Merrill would talk to him. "Some day, Tommy, we're going to make this house a proper house again. If we scrimp and scrimp and work and work, we'll do it; we'll buy it, Tommy, in the end. It'll belong to us and we'll grow old in it."

And she would sit on the rug by Tommy, her chin on her clenched fist, and stare into the flames and remember that the place was really something that belonged to her. . . . Calderon Manor, the old, faded ink in the book in her home before her mother and her father died. It was a child's book; on the fly-leaf was written Julian Calderon, Calderon Manor, 1779. It had been some relation of her mother's . . . her mother had been a Calderon. There had been descriptions of the Manor in it, written with a queer, childish enthusiasm and love. Very different it must have been then. Trimmed hedges and lawns; peacocks, perhaps; hedges and woods and fields, with a heronry on the borders of the estate; all lovely things that had meant something to Julian Calderon.

Her landlord was willing to sell the place cheaply. He hated it; he couldn't let it except to labourers, and the arrival of Merrill had been a cause of rejoicing to him. But lately he had been round rather a lot, staring at her with bovine, stupid blue eyes, tapping his leggings with a switch, and talking about the bad winter and did she find that the roof leaked at all, and perhaps it wasn't a good place for a lady to stay there alone. It worried her rather because she was sure that it was not due to any philanthropic anxiety for her welfare but to some reason that touched his pocket. She had taken the place for three years, with an option to buy. He had jumped at it at the time. Now he seemed to regret it.

She replied to his inquiries with complete cheerfulness and assurances that she didn't mind the winter, that she liked the cottage, but for all that she felt uneasily that there was something brewing. Possibly, she thought, it might be her unpopularity in the village, of which she was well aware. But there again she did not think that the landlord was sufficiently benevolent to give up a let for the benefit of the village's feelings. So she began to wonder what was up. And as she went to and fro to the village to buy her stores from the surly, Homburg-hatted proprietor of the small shop, she walked quickly, her slender shoulders hunched, and her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her tweed jacket. Tommy took to accompanying her on these expeditions, trotting at heel like a dog, though she had constantly tried to stop him. No matter how carefully she shut up the place when she left he always managed to get out somehow. She certainly looked, if not witch-like, other-worldly, with her brows drawn together, and her eyes staring beyond the sly glances of the people. Once, a wet dish rag that its owner was waving out of the window flew with a slap into her face. She was never sure whether it was deliberate or not. The woman apologized perfunctorily, and Merrill didn't press the question.

Most days she worked hard on her typewriter, for she made a little extra money typing manuscripts.

And then at last her landlord came into the open, just about the last week in November.

"The fact is, Miss Lang," he said, speaking ponderously, "the fact is, I have an offer for the cottage, and a better one than yours, and I feel it's only fair for me to be able to take it."

"I'm sorry," she said, speaking very clearly and deliberately, because

(Continued on p. 38)

THE 501st CHRISTMAS

By JANE ENGLAND

(Continued from p. 37)

inwardly she was shaking and afraid, "but the terms of my lease and my option are perfectly plain and absolutely legal, and I have no intention of giving up the house."

"I'd be willing to compensate you for any inconvenience . . . ." he began.

"It's no good," she said quickly; "I won't consider it."

He looked ugly, and she said, "I'm sorry, but it's no good. Please will you go?"

When he had gone she shut the door and, with a nervous instinct of which she was ashamed, bolted it. Then she leant against it with her hands outstretched as if to bar entrance, and said to Tommy, "I won't give it up, Tommy, I won't. I won't be bullied out of it. I love it. It may be lonely, but it's better than the loneliness of town, better than cheap rooms in apartment houses, better than being a poor relation among people who are all richer than you; who do things you can't do, with whom you always feel like a beggar at a rich man's table, horribly conscious of your effort to behave as if you were just as rich and good-looking and successful as he."

The desolate November afternoon drew to an angry close, with the sky behind the elms where the rooks cawed, gashed with crimson from the setting sun. She went back to the fire and Tommy, and sat down and dreamt of summer, of all that she meant to do in the garden, of the soft blue sky and the drowsy bee-haunted afternoons, of clipped hedges and painted butterflies over the flowers, the old house blinking away in the sunshine, and of the ghosts that walked the garden in the cool of the evening. Julian Calderon; Julian by the syringa bush, when it was dusk and the starry blossoms gleamed; Julian by the ivy-covered well near the elder trees: and other ghosts that rustled down the paths, brushing the dew from the leaves of flowers and hedges with their invisible clothes.

She put her forefingers on each side of her eyes and pulled them into slits, a habit she had found most comforting as a child when she had a vague idea that she must look very frightening that way and so might prevail over the formless fears of childhood.

And now, in December, the fears increased a little. She had an idea that the landlord had talked in the village. Which was in fact, true. In the bar of the White Hart he had confided to a select audience of nine that he had had an offer for the place from a gentleman who might do the village some good. A rich gentleman who intended restoring the cottage in proper style; there'd be plenty of work and plenty of picking, but this fool of a girl refused to budge. He hinted, moreover, as the evening grew on, that he'd make it worth while to get rid of her, make it unpleasant for her, so she'd be glad to go. And take her blasted cat with her. Pity Larkin's lad hadn't finished it off while he was about it.

It was then that she began to find things going badly. Her post was unaccountably delayed, causing her to get behindhand with her work, and in one case be obliged to delay an important commission for so long that she heard from the man that he could not afford that sort of accident and must, in future, have all his work done by a typist in London. It was then that the wet dishcloth flapped into her face; and in that same week three windows were broken by village boys larking round and throwing stones.

And then one afternoon she had to go into the village rather late, because she found she had run out of candles. She had been working furiously hard trying to make up arrears, and she had to have them. She got into the village without mishap, but on her way back she became convinced that she was being followed. It was quite dark, except for a sullen glow over the threatening hills, where the sun had left an angry flush, and the trees creaked ominously in the wind. She was suddenly sure that she heard footsteps behind her, shuffling yet stealthy footsteps; but when she stopped to listen there were no sounds except the usual sounds of the countryside—the barking of a dog on a distant farm, the rustle and scurry of some unseen thing in the hedgerow, the despairing hoot of an owl, and the beating of her own heart. So soon as she went on she heard those frightening, shuffling steps, and she began to hurry, her feet betraying her, tripping her up over nothing at all. But the footsteps went on, monotonous, sure, and dreadful, like the ticking of a heavy-toned church clock when you stand in the churchyard at night and listen to it beating heavily in the grey, old tower. She was certain that they were close behind her, and she imagined that she could hear a heavy breathing. She began to run, gasping and half sobbing. It was not so much the fear of someone following her in the dark on a lonely country road, but the knowledge of enmity, the enmity that surrounded her, the enmity that grinned at her from every bush and tree.

The sound of her own running feet and the drumming of her heart drowned all other noise; and then, behind her, flooding the lane, turning the trunks of the sinister elms to bright gold, came the spearing headlights of a car. She half stopped, thinking she might signal it and ask for a lift, because she was afraid that after the bright light had gone she would hear the footsteps behind her again; but before she had made up her mind the car drew up just behind her and she heard a voice shout, "What are you skulking round there for? Get out of it—quick!"

She stopped altogether then and stood still, one hand pressed against her breast as if to quiet her quick breathing, and a man got out of the car and came towards her. The headlights threw him into silhouette. A tall, broad-shouldered figure wearing a big, sombrero-like hat.

"Frightened?" he asked.

"A little," she gasped.

"Darned rogue. . . ."

He was an American she thought, from the South, judging by that soft drawl. She couldn't see his face; the bright light was behind him and shining into her eyes, but he could see her—her startled big eyes, the lift of her upper lip, and the dark hair beneath her small tweed hat.

"Well, I'd better drive you home. Who was that fellow? He looked a proper ruffian."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know. I only heard him."

And then she shivered as if the cold air had suddenly nipped her, and said: "But I would be glad if you would drive me home."

"Sure. What else would I do? Come on, where do you live?"

She laughed shakily.

"Very near — absurdly near, just round the corner. But I'd like to be driven there all the same."

She got into the car and sighed with relief, and he started, going cautiously along the rutted lane, the headlights gilding the hedges, making the familiar trees unfamiliar and glamorous. She could see his profile from the dashboard lights as he drove: a straight nose and an aggressive chin, a reliable sort of profile, clear and sharp after the heavy, surly faces she had seen day in and day out. There was a dim light shining through the window of the Manor, and he got out of the car and opened the garden gate for her. The headlights of the car pierced the ragged hedge and showed the nettles that grew by the yew tree. From the house came Tommy's mournful and demoniac yowlings (for once, she had succeeded in barring every exit).

"Say," said her companion, "you seem to lead a cheerful sort of life."

"Isn't it dreadful?" she said, "but it's only Tommy . . . he's upset because I wouldn't let him come when I went out."

"He sounds upset," he said drily.

She had opened the door by now, and Tommy's yowlings resolved themselves into deep, ecstatic purrs.

"What is it, a cat or a small tiger?" asked the soft, drawling voice from the darkness.

"Only a cat. Will you—er—would you like to come in?"

Now, standing there by the open door, seeing the red embers in the big fireplace, and the grotesque shadows that lurked about the hall, she didn't want to be alone. How could she tell that the man who had been following her might not return, come tapping and fingering at the windows with their rotting catches, trying to peer in through the gaps in the curtains? "Oh, what a coward I am," she thought despairingly, "I'll never pull through like this. But I just want a little time to recover, to pull myself together."

"Thanks. I'd like to ——"

She stepped in through the doorway, and he followed her, pulling the door to behind them, and letting the latch drop into place with a sharp click.

She had left one candle, her last, burning. It was almost finished, and she took out some more from the packet she had just bought.

The man had his hat off now, and in the lambent light she saw that his hair was thick and brown, and his smile had a lazy charm. He was looking down at her and smiling, as if something amused him; but it was not an amusement that made one uneasy, but rather a kindly amusement, such as is bestowed upon a child.

"I ran out of them," she said, and waved a candle at him, "that's why I went out."

She went to the worm-eaten chest that she had bought in a small shop in Abbot's Deeping, and got out her old twisted brass candlesticks and the candelabra. He stood watching her with his hat in his hand, while she placed the candles in their sconces and lit them, and filled that end of the hall with a soft yellow light. Tommy had returned to the fire. His thunderous purrs filled the silence most satisfactorily.

Altogether, she reflected as she pulled off her hat (and the reflection caused her some surprise) it was curious that the silence had been so natural; she had not been aware of any necessity to speak. But now . . .

"Where were you going?" she asked; "this lane only leads down to a farm."

"I turned down it by chance," he answered, "it looked adventurous, and after all, you can always turn back if you don't like a place."

"Always?" she queried, and then she laughed. "You'll have to turn in the farmyard . . . and it's the dirtiest and muddiest I've ever seen."

"That doesn't matter."

He was still standing by the door, holding his hat in front of him with both hands.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "I'll throw some logs on the fire . . . and . . . and if you're not really going anywhere particular, won't you stay to supper? I've only got bread and cheese, and a strange dish made of rice and onions and tomatoes, but if you would like to . . . ?"

"I'd 'ike to very much."

She breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh splendid," she cried; "you sit down here, and I'll get things ready. You're my first guest since I've been here."

"Is that so?" he answered. "Say, I'll always remember this then."

He glanced round the shadowed hall, and at Merrill with her pale creamy skin touched into a soft radiance by the candlelight, at her dark hair that fell in elf locks after the damp air.

"Say," he said slowly, "don't you feel lonely, here in this old place?"

She shook her head and threw up her chin.

"Not lonely," she told him, "but -night I was frightened."

Off the hall she had a small kitchen, and now she went in there, leaving the door open. He offered to help, but she refused. That, she said, was a party, and it was her party. He didn't insist, but sat in front of the fire with Tommy lying against his foot.

She set the table, bringing out her pet extravagances, her cowslip yellow plates and her old glass that she had kept locked away. On the dark, polished table she set her lace cloth and put one candelabrum in the centre; and she put out the Queen Anne silver salt cellars and pepper pots that had been her mother's; they had the Calderon crest on them, faint now from much polishing. She put out a small bowl with golden butter in it, and a thick green plate with a wedge of yellow cheese. She made coffee in the old silver pot and hot milk in its companion.

And when it was all ready she brought her dish of rice in an earthenware bowl and put it on a rush mat on the chest.

It was a time for talk. It is so much easier to talk to a stranger, to tell someone whom you have never met before and will probably never meet

(Continued on p. 40)

"CHRISTMAS SHOPPING." By S. R. Badmin

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

"The Christmas Gift"

DEWAR'S

"White Label"

WHISKY

THE BELLS

A Tale Out of Russia

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

(Author of "Petrograd, the City of Trouble," etc.)

Above all things, as far back as she could remember, Praskovia had loved the sound of bells ringing across the river from the church with the bright green domes that stood on the opposite shore. In the winter, when the might of the waters lay bound under ice and snow, the bells seemed to ring more clearly and sweetly in the stillness, and one could walk or drive on the broad path swept and cleared across the river. That was fun. Praskovia, her cheeks rosy, her yellow pigtails hidden under the shawl she wound over her fur cap, liked to go in her father's sleigh with the three long-tailed grey horses, whose bells made a minor chorus to the church bells calling across the river. Very swiftly they would go, the powdered snow flying under the horses hoofs, her father in his sheepskin coat holding the bright blue reins, Praskovia beside him, nestling under the big fur rug. In the spring, when the melting ice was drifting down, one had to drive a long way round through the pine woods to the little town, where there was a wooden bridge by which one could cross, but in the summer one could go across the river in boats that were painted green and had high-pointed bows. Praskovia loved this way of going to church almost best of all, for the water was so blue, the air so soft, from the woods would come the singing of birds and, now and then, as the little breeze rippled the waters, a breath of perfume from the lilies-of-the-valley that grew in such profusion under the shadow of the beech trees.

Often during the summer months Praskovia would beg Nikolai, the foreman of her father's farm, to row her across to the Evening Benediction; then, when they came back, the soft grey shadows of the long northern dusk would be falling, veiling the low, flat shores, the woods and fields in opal-coloured mists, and giving to the trees an eerie, unsubstantial look of illusion. The waters would shine like molten gold, the domes and cupolas of the church would look as if they had been cut out of black paper and pasted on the aquamarine sky; and leaning on his oars, his bearded face grave and thoughtful, Nikolai would listen to the bells ringing. "It is good to hear them," he would say in his low, deep voice. "They keep the devil away, and he is over eager to get into Russia these days."

Nikolai, of course, was a pessimist. He was always talking about the devil and of how he was trying to overthrow the power of the Lord, and of how there were troubles coming when the hosts of evil would prevail, and sickness and famine and want would take their toll. Praskovia did not bother much about the devil and his works, but she liked to hear the bells ringing across the water because the sound gave her a little warm feeling of happiness and peace and security.

All the same, when the dark days of the war came and her father went to the front, and she was left alone with her mother in a strangely silent house, she began to listen with a greater attention to Nikolai's words, to wonder whether perhaps he had some strange, uncanny way of foreseeing disasters, for there was trouble and to spare those days, and the passing years did not make it any better.

COTSWOLDS IN WINTER: Colour woodcut by Elizabeth Field

All the young men who had worked on the farm had been called to the army, among them Demitri, the boy with the laughing blue eyes who used to drive the great carts piled with hay and corn, and had sometimes brought Praskovia great armfuls of field flowers, or wild berries tied up in a bright-coloured kerchief.

Life seemed very empty to Praskovia when he went away; but only when she went to church, to place a little yellow candle before the ikons of St. George and St. Nicholas, did she shyly whisper his name and pray the saints to protect him.

Drearily the war dragged on, provisions were growing scarcer, the cattle died of hunger or had to be killed because there was no food for them, news came that Praskovia's father had been killed fighting in the Carpathians, and from Demitri no news, no word to tell whether he was alive or dead.

And then came the Revolution, the men straggling back to their villages, the end of the war for Russia. "To-day I shall surely see him again," Praskovia told herself each morning, but not till the summer was nearly over did he come, striding across the fields by the river, his uniform dusty and shabby and torn, his cap pushed back from his curly hair. Gathering bushels of corn, Praskovia turned when she heard his step, and the next moment, she never quite knew how, found herself in his arms.

Softly the sound of the bells came across the water, and Praskovia lifted her head, gazing with happy, tear-wet eyes across the river. "Always remember, Demitroushka, that the bells rang for us this evening," she whispered, and smiling, he answered her gently, "The bells will always ring for us, little dove."

So Praskovia and Demitri were married in the church by the river, and the bells rang for their wedding and everybody was full of good cheer, for the war was over and peace and liberty were given to Russia.

But the years passed with the promise of prosperity, of peace and plenty unfulfilled, dark years with anarchy and famine, want and disease taking their toll of the land, leaving, it seemed, only Praskovia and Demitri untouched in their serene, unquestioning happiness. And then one summer's day a band of Red soldiers led by a black-bearded commissar came to the village, murdered the priest because they said he was guilty of counter-Revolutionary intrigues, plundered the church, took down the bells, and nailed up the doors! The Government, they said, did not approve of prayers; all this was prejudice, and Russia was a new country and had no need of religion!

The soldiers went away, but they left behind them a feeling of unrest. "The sound of church bells drives the devil away," goes a Russian saying, and now that the little yellow church with its bright, green domes was shut up the devil had his way in that village. Drink, robbery, immorality, murder, a wild, unruly spirit was abroad—a spirit that incited the people to rebel against all the old shibboleths, that made them intolerant of any law of God or man. Even Demitri, with his broad, good-natured smile and laughing eyes, got carried away by this feeling of defiance and disquiet, lost his sunny good humour, his gentleness and gaiety became sullen, rough in his speech and manners, untidy and slovenly, intolerant of correction. More and more frequently he came home drunk, more and more frequently he stayed away all night, refused to work on the farm, turned away from Praskovia's caresses till, watching him, she felt that her heart was breaking.

The river was imprisoned now under its heavy weight of ice and snow, the grip of winter lay on the land, but the doors of the church were still nailed up and there were no bells to ring in the Nativity of Christ.

All night long Praskovia had waited for Demitri to come home, straining her ears for the sound of his footsteps, hearing only the soft whisper of the snowflakes against the windows, and now and then the distant sound of revelry from the village. Never it seemed to her would the morning come, and when at last the first faint light of dawn broke beyond the leafless woods she snatched up her shawl and furtively let herself out of the sleeping house, stumbling down the bank and across the river, knee deep in heavy drifts of snow. A breathless, ominous silence lay over the woods and fields, even the village seemed held in a spell of stillness; only when she came to the inn did Praskovia hear the sound of voices, come upon a stir of life, the dark figures of men armed with sticks, with rifles, pistols, and heavy whips, and there among them, tall, broad-shouldered, almost arrogantly handsome, Demitri, with a scarlet rosette flaming in the buttonhole of his sheepskin coat.

"Demitroushka," timidly Praskovia laid a little ice-cold hand on his arm, "have you forgotten that it is Christmas morning? Won't you come home with me?"

Roughly he shook her off. "Come home? Not I! We have work to do, my comrades and I, for there are houses here in the village where they still harbour the thoughts of a counter-Revolution. Wait and see, little dove," he gave a sudden savage laugh, swaying a little on his feet. "Wait and see! We will make a nice bonfire for our Christmas dinner, and perhaps I will bring you back a new kerchief or a fur to put round your neck, or perhaps a string of beads. Would you not like that?" He pinched her pale cheek with rough fingers, and she shrank away from him, a look of horror in her eyes.

"Oh," she whispered, "you are mad, you are mad."

"Yes," a woman near her echoed her words, "they are mad, driven by the devil! It is because we have no church, no priests, no holy ikons to pray to. Woe is unto Russia, for the saints have deserted her."

The church! Blindly, driven by an aching, speechless longing, Praskovia had already turned in that direction. If somehow she could get in and pray on the spot where once the holy ikons had stood, perhaps the saints would hear her prayers and send Demitri back to her. They had told her that the door was only lightly fastened. Fear of the commissars, a superstitious terror of a desecrated building had held the villagers back, but Praskovia in her urgent need had no thought of either; one push of her strong young shoulders and the rough bars put up by the soldiers yielded, the door swung open,

(Continued on p. 46)

The best Christmas Pudding tastes better with Bird's Custard HOT. When cold and set, Bird's goes like clotted cream with Mince Pies and all Fruits.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"Something to sing about."

Drawing by Conrad Leigh

This trapper's cabin contained five very intent wireless listeners

ONE ARCTIC NIGHT

An Isolated Post "Listens In"

By Geoffrey d'Egville

There were five of them, but there should have been six. (The story was told me by one of the five.)

To all of them, scattered far and wide as they now are, the scene must come back very vividly. They will recall the inside of the shack, its crude interior decoration, furs and skins hanging on the walls to dry, and the rough furniture, the battered stove.

Besides Arnold Long, there were two Roman Catholic missionaries, bearded and tranquil. Over by the wireless receiving-set was Scotty McTavish, a fur-trader and owner of the cabin, and near him, Vanderlinden, a Hollander. The names are, of course, fictitious.

It was Christmas night, and this isolated trapper's cabin in the far north contained five very intent wireless listeners. The miscellaneous programme was over, and now, with their eyes on their watches, the five men hung on the words which came clearly from the announcer's lips. For the benefit of the floating population of the far north—trappers, traders, prospectors, aviators, mounted police and missionaries—a special Arctic programme was to be broadcast from KDKA.

A light snowstorm was falling outside and, driven by the wind, made a slight swishing sound against the shack; occasionally the windows rattled uneasily, and the magic voice coming from the loud-speaker was sometimes muffled by the sound of the rising blizzard.

But the five men, who should have been six, missed very little. Close on a year in the Arctic without news of home and friends breeds uncommonly close attention to a voice from civilization, 1,500 miles away.

The two priests, possessing only an indifferent knowledge of English, were perforce more attentive. Father Joseph, resting his chin on his long, slender hands, leaned on the table. Brother Jean, who understood even less English, frequently looked interrogatingly at the other priest.

Quite early in the programme Scotty McTavish's suspense was ended.

"I have some messages here for Mr. Donald B. McTavish at Bear Tooth Inlet," said the announcer. "Stand by for messages, Mr. McTavish."

Scotty's hand fluttered for a moment, and gently touched the volume dial. Brother Jean fidgeted in his chair.

"*Quiet!*" said Scotty, fiercely.

The first message was from his mother in far-off Aberdeen, wishing her boy as well as all at home, and hoping that a letter would soon reach them. Scotty's hand again fluttered over the dial, and returned to his knee.

The next message was from a girl, and the eyes of two of the men present instinctively fled to a photograph on the wireless cabinet, and they noticed that Scotty was looking at it too. As the message came to him, those laughing lips must have seemed very near.

"I love you, dear," the message read, "and your memory is with me always. Five years is a long time to wait, but the waiting must be harder for you than for me." There was more of it, but three of the five men seemed suddenly to remember some light occupation left unfinished, and Brother Jean did not understand, so only Scotty heard.

Some little time later Brother Jean received a solitary message. It was from his sister in Paris.

"Je ne comprends pas," he whispered, sadly, but as the words had hardly left his lips the message was repeated by the announcer in French. The familiar tongue brought a contented smile to the brother's face, and he leaned back, murmuring "Oui, oui, Angelique," as though his sister were in the room, able to hear him.

In far-off Paris—who knows?—she may have been listening, and heard.

Arnold Long's messages were next, simple greetings from home, a "Cheerio, old bean," from a friend.

All were interested in Vanderlinden's messages, for he had told each and all of the other four, shyly and in strict confidence, of an expected interesting event (as the newspapers say) in his family. And, if such and such had taken place—which must of course have been months ago—how were they?

"I have some messages here," came the voice, "for Mr. A. J. Vanderlinden of Bear Tooth Inlet. Stand by for messages, Mr. Vanderlinden." There was a slight pause.

"The first is from your brother, Pete."

There was a longer pause, and tiny beads of perspiration broke out on Vanderlinden's forehead, and his knuckles showed white as he gripped his chair. The heat of the cabin suddenly became oppressive. Those moments must have seemed an hour to poor Vanderlinden until the tension was broken by the announcer's voice.

"Well, well, well, we've got some good news for you, Mr. Vanderlinden. Maybe I'd better read your wife's letter first. Here we are. . . ."

It was a boy.

The strain was over, and Vanderlinden's face relaxed, paled momentarily, then flushed, a happy smile spreading rapidly over his face. He slapped his thigh.

"And she's called it after me," he laughed excitedly.

Father Joseph's message came shortly after, and then the five men leaned back in their chairs.

"Came through pretty good, didn't it?" remarked Scotty McTavish ungrammatically. "Shall I turn it off now?"

"No, leave it on," Arnold Long replied.

The voice of the announcer cut in again.

"I have some messages here for Mr. Cecil Norton," he said. "Stand by for messages, Mr. Norton. The first message is from your wife."

The five men looked at each other as they caught the name.

"My dear, we want you to come home so badly," the message ran. "We are living only for the Spring, when we shall see you again. Little John and Phyllida pray for their daddy every night—pray that dear God will bring him safely home to us all. . . ."

. . . . .

It was this message which must sometimes bring back the scene very vividly to the five men, who should have been six. You see, they had found Cecil Norton's frozen body a little way from the post only a week before.

THUJA design CASKET with ball-bearing castors. 100 (in compartments of 50).

This XMAS give CRAVEN "A"

SEALED-FRESH

full of "life", flavour and aroma

One of these cheery, handy Tins of CRAVEN "A" will surely please the friends of your remembrance this Xmas: all CRAVEN "A" packings are protectingly wrapped in patented, moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" which ensures FACTORY-FRESH condition, always and everywhere.

SEE the dainty THUJA design CASKET, beautiful and useful in any surroundings, fitted with ball-bearing castors which won't mark polished tables; containing 100 FRESH CRAVEN "A."

FRESH Cigarettes smoke so much better

The Familiar RED BOX in three sizes:

"FAMILY 150"
"DESK HUNDRED"
"WEEK-END 50"

The Parisian VELOUR which ladies like; in two sizes of 50 and 100.

THE NEW "THUJA" DESIGN CASKET	RICH RED METAL BOXES	PARISIAN VELOUR BOXES
100 ... 7/6	"Family 150" ... 7/6 "Desk Hundred" ... 5/- "Week-end 50" ... 2/6	100 ... 5/- 50 ... 2/6

"Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill
Icy and chill."

THE MAHOGANY TREE

By Wm. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Embellishments by BRENDA

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill:
Little care we,
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Commoner greens,
Ivy and oaks,
Poets, in jokes,
Sing do you see:
Good fellows' shins
Here, boys, are found,
Twisting around
The Mahogany Tree.

"Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree."

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang in its bloom:
Night birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls
Round the old tree.

"Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee."

Drain we the cup.
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree.

THE BELLS: By MERIEL BUCHANAN

(Continued from p. 42)

showing her the desolation and havoc of the empty church. Dust and grime were here, confusion and disorder impossible to describe, painted ikons torn from their gilded frames and trampled on the floor, garlands of paper roses which had been put up as votive offerings scattered, fragments of vestments strewn all over the ground. The door to the belfry hung drunkenly on its hinges, and looking up, Praskovia saw that the soldiers, when they took down the bells which rang the chimes, had left the bell which tolled the passage of the hours and the passing of souls. Had she not asked Demitri always to remember that the bells had rung for them the evening he came back and took her in his arms? Would he remember now? Would the sound of the bell ringing turn the men from their purpose? Would it drive the devil away and bring peace to the village?

Trembling with eagerness she pulled at the dusty ropes but found that at first all her efforts remained unavailing; only when she had pulled for some time with smarting hands and aching arms did the bell at last begin to sway till at last wavering and thin, its voice rang out through the snow-bound stillness. Startled, the men gathered in front of the village inn turned towards the church, their noisy, blustering voices falling to a sudden silence and, gathering in strength and volume, the bell rang on its urgent appeal.

The women in the crowd sank on their knees in the snow, one or two of the men uncovered, another dropped his rifle and turned away, one crossed himself with shaking fingers, still another knelt down beside the women, praying in a loud voice to be forgiven.

And Demitri, gazing up at the church, passed a trembling hand across his eyes as if with that gesture he could wipe away the film of madness, of drink and rage and lust which had so blinded him. Then, with a sudden, broken cry he turned, and, when a boy who was standing next to him tried to detain him, turned on him almost fiercely, "I am going home, and you had better all go, too. You have tried to make me believe that there is no God, but that bell tells you that you lie."

He flung away from them, and they stood watching him go, not one of them daring to stop him or dispute his words, not one of them stooping to pick up the scarlet rosette he had plucked from his coat and which lay, a splash of vivid colour, on the snow.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN MISSING WORD PUZZLE

The Dashes Indicate the Number of Missing Letters in the Words Omitted

Not long ago ——— —— accompanied by her maid ——— fell into the hands of —— ——— —— ———. They imprisoned them in ——— ———. Not even the influence of that great man —— —— —— ——— could gain her release. It is a mercy that it was not a case of ——— before help could be sent. It was fortunate that she did not fall under —— ——'— —— as did ———'—. The plot for her escape was arranged by —— ———. He obtained the help of ——— who accomplished the dangerous task of gaining possession of the keys of the prison. —— ——— was there to give help if it was needed. If the villains were caught they were to have ——— —— ——. Many of the highest in the land offered their assistance. So —— —— —— —— —— both did their part in helping to release her. The help of —— ——— —— —— —— was obtained and they gave the villains an entertainment in order to draw their attention off the prisoners. —— ——— each of whom is —— ——— —— —— gained admittance to the prison and dragged both the girls out. —— ——— —— —— ——— were ready to escort them as soon as they were clear of the fortress. —. —. —. ——— was in readiness to take her to —— —— —— ———. Great precautions were taken that it should not again be a case of —— —— —— ——— — ——— as this time the lady was of royal birth. —— ——— —— met her on arrival and took her to be his wife. He had already fought —— ——— —— for her. They lived in ———, ——— surrounded by —— ——— —— ———.

A note concerning the solution will be found on a later page.

Down to the Country with "Victory"

(Continued from p. 23)

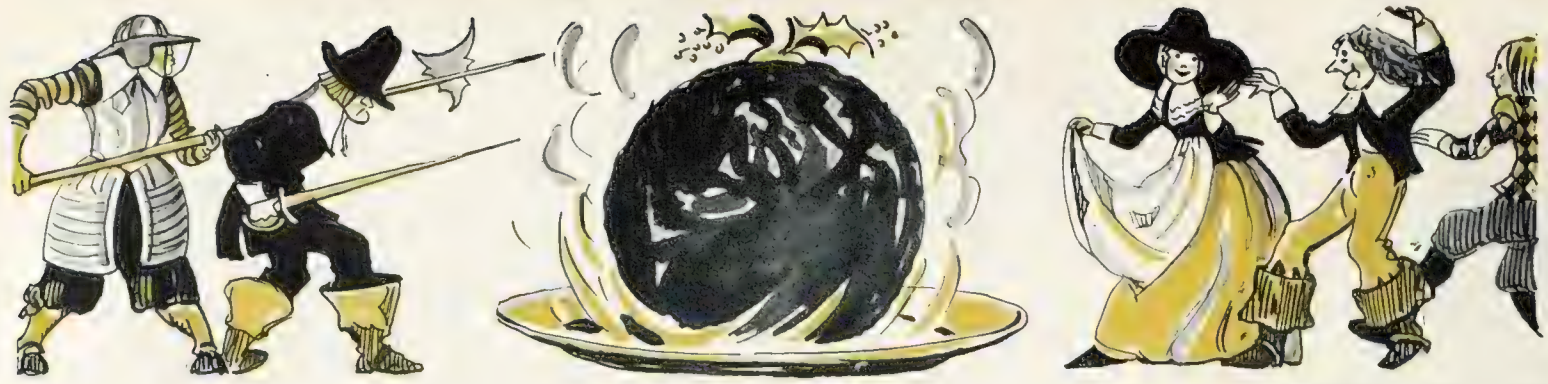
fixed the gaze of the whole French Army. As regarded themselves the 23rd were supposed at first to have been barely not annihilated; but eventually, I believe, about one in four survived. And this, then, was the regiment—a regiment already for some hours glorified and hallowed to the ear of all London, as lying stretched, by a large majority, upon one bloody aceldama—in which the young trooper served whose mother was now talking in a spirit of such joyous enthusiasm.

Did I tell her the truth? Had I the heart to break up her dreams? No. To-morrow, said I to myself—to-morrow, or the next day, will publish the worst. For one night more wherefore should she not sleep in peace? After to-morrow the chances are too many that peace will forsake her pillow. This brief respite, then, let her owe to *my* gift and *my* forbearance. But, if I told her not of the bloody price that had been paid, not therefore was I silent on the contributions from her son's regiment to that day's service and glory. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping. I lifted not the overshadowing laurels from the bloody trench in which horse and rider lay mangled together. But I told her how these dear children of England, officers and privates, had leaped their horses over all obstacles as gaily as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses into the mists of death, saying to myself, but not saying to *her*, "and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly—poured out their noble blood as cheerfully—as ever, after a long day's sport when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or sunk to sleep in her arms." Strange it is, yet true, that she seemed to have no fears for her son's safety, even after this knowledge that the 23rd Dragoons had been memorably engaged; but so much was she enraptured by the knowledge that *his* regiment, and therefore that *he*, had rendered conspicuous service in the dreadful conflict—a service which had actually made them, within the last twelve hours, the foremost topic of conversation in London—so absolutely was fear swallowed up in joy—that, in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, the poor woman threw her arms round my neck, as she thought of her son, and gave to *me* the kiss which secretly was meant for *him*.

When old friends

get together

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



Decorations by Foster Jarrett

THE PLUM-PUDDING RIOTS: A True Story of Canterbury

THE INVENTION OF THE SCARLET WOMAN—A CANTERBURY CHRISTMAS, is the title of an old tract in the British Museum recording some of the events described below. "Christmas is pure Popery," said a Puritan

Parliament. Forthwith local magistrates were invested with the powers necessary to save souls.

"Another 'Scarlet Woman,'" said the mayor speaking mournfully through his nose. The new guard straightened his helmet and looked expectantly towards the doorway. Outside there was a crash of weapons grounded upon the flagged corridor. A moment later an embarrassed young man entered carrying a vast plum-pudding enshrined in a white napkin. This he solemnly deposited beside some hundred odd puddings already incarcerated in the cells beneath the Court House.

"The Devil lurking behind the veil of the Innocent," snarled the mayor plucking aside the white cloth and slapping the pudding savagely. Then he went upstairs to his office.

Within ten minutes the town crier stood in the market place, and "by appointment of Master Mayor openly proclaimed that Christmas Day and all other Superstitious Festivals should be put downe, and that a market should be kept open upon Christmas Day."

That was at Canterbury, on Wednesday, December 22, 1647.

. . .

It was Christmas morning in the court house. "Ha ha! HA HA! HA HA!" said the mayor, "business as usual," and beckoning to the sheriff to follow him he made tracks for the Market Place to see his orders carried out. But it was the mayor who was carried out, and the manner of it was this.

A dozen or so long-nosed citizens had opened their shops and booths, when along came a mob of Canterbury Bills and Canterbury Belles who promptly expressed their disapproval by wrecking the tradesmen's wares.

At this stage in the proceedings the mayor and sheriff arrived. The sheriff laid hold of a fellow who stoutly resisted. The mayor struck out with his cudgel and was knocked in the mud for his interference. "His cloke was much torne and durty, besides the hurt he received," says a contemporary account.

So began the Plum-Pudding Riots.

Aldermen and constables soon arrived and successfully gathered up the mayor, but Captain Bridge, who attempted to arrest the mob leaders, was "straight knockt downe and his head broke in two places," whereat Authority wisely retired to its several homes and barred the doors.

For a while the men and maids of Kent playfully threw brickbats through the windows; then, marching to the Court House, they sorted out their confiscated Christmas puddings and released sundry bakers, pastry-cooks, and others, who, earlier in the week, had been arrested for their Popish practices.

There was feasting and dancing; a bonfire was lit, and the mayor burned in effigy.

For three days the mob conducted the affairs of the city in an orderly manner, at the end of which time Protector Cromwell's soldiery arrived to restore authority.

Fortunately, the citizens of Canterbury were feeling well disposed after their Christmas dinners, and Cromwell dared not order their punishment lest the rioting should spread to London. So all lived happily ever afterwards—more or less.

The Christmas Spirit

THE LITTLE APPLE TREE

BY ERICA FAY
Author of "A Road to Fairyland"

Drawn by Wyndham Payne

Once upon a time Farmer Noddlebus and his wife decided to plant an orchard of apple trees in a large field. They measured the ground and planned out the spaces and counted the holes, and then they sent to the market for dozens and dozens of young trees. The farmer and his wife and all their sons and all their daughters and all their farm hands planted and planted all the apple trees so carefully that there were just enough trees to make the rows the Noddlebuses had planned. When they were all planted, one small, shabby-looking little tree was left lying on the ground.

Farmer Noddlebus looked at the one tree left over, which was so much smaller than all the others had been, and he was rather scornful of it.

"This is a bit of rubbish thrown in," he said, "it's hardly worth planting," and he packed up his things and off he went home with all his sons and all his daughters and all his farm hands.

But something about the little tree lying so flat and pathetically on the ground touched the heart of the farmer's wife. "Poor little thing," she said, "I'll plant you, myself."

At one end of the field there was an extra cornery bit, partly sticking into the wood which crept up to the field, and there was just enough room in this corner for one tree.

So the farmer's tender-hearted wife dug a nice, deep hole, and she planted the little tree, spreading out its roots, as though it were a valuable tree, and covered them with nice, rich earth, and trod them in quite tight, and patted them over the top, and put a little stick up beside them, and tied the stem of the tree to it—all as carefully as if it had been the very best tree of the whole bunch.

Then something or other in the little tree standing up so bravely all by itself touched her heart and she gave it a kiss and said: "Grow, little tree, and show what you can do."

And the baby bunnies hiding in the wood around it heard the kiss and said to each other that there must be something very special in that little tree, and they all came out to see and played round it, and their playful feet and their munching mouths kept it clear of weeds. So the kiss had helped it to grow.

Well, the months passed, and the years passed, and in the third year after the orchard had been planted the farmer began to wonder if he might get an apple or two off most of the trees, though he knew it was too soon to get much of a harvest.

So he went round the field that had been turned into an orchard at apple-blossom time, and sure enough most of the trees had some apple-blossom on them.

But the little tree in its little corner bore only one single flower. So Farmer Noddlebus teased his wife about ever having planted that tree.

"Never you mind," said the farmer's wife, "it's a particularly beautiful flower," and she gave the flower a kiss when the farmer wasn't looking, and said: "See what you can do, little flower."

And the fairies in the wood near-by heard the kiss, and when she had gone they came out of their hidey holes and loved the flower, too.

When the farmer's wife went home it was nearly dusk, so a Mummie Rabbit and all the little baby rabbits came out of the corner of the wood and played around by the little tree, as they always did, and they ate the grass under the tree and kept it beautifully short and helped it to grow.

When the sun rose the bees came from out of the wood and flew about from apple tree to apple tree, carrying the golden dust that sets the seeds inside the apples and, after a while, all the pink petals fell off all the trees. Soon, where there had been apple blossoms, now there were tiny apples as big as green peas.

The little apple tree's tiny apple was just the same size as the others although there was only one all by himself.

Then the apples on all the trees all became as big as gooseberries. Then the apples on all the trees all became as big as walnuts. Then the apples on all the trees all became as big as oranges. And then the apples on all the trees, except our little tree, stopped growing. Some of the apples turned pinky-yellow and some of them turned ruddy-gold. And then one day the farmer's wife came out to see the apple trees with her husband.

The first tree she came to look at was her little apple tree; and behold, its one apple, instead of stopping at the size of an orange, had gone on growing and growing, and was nearly the size of a small round melon.

So the farmer's wife was very excited, and she called to the farmer and said: "Just you look at this, Tom Noddlebus," and the farmer looked at it and scratched his head and said:

"That be a thumping big apple."

"What did I tell you?" said the farmer's wife.

"You never told me nothing," said the farmer; "you just went and did it in the planting line yourself."

"Well," said the farmer's wife triumphantly, "now you see."

"And sure at the market I'll get a company of people to look at my stall if I put that apple in the midst," cried the farmer. So he picked the apple very carefully and took it with him to market, and mounted it up on a stand in the middle of his stall, with a label stuck in front of it.

"Can anybody beat this apple for a prize?"

Well, that very day the King's Chamberlain was going out on his rounds, shopping for the Palace. He always bought sweet apples because the King and all his family particularly liked apples, and when he saw this wonderful apple on the stand he thought he had better buy it. Farmer Noddlebus was so proud of his apple being bought for the King's Palace that he sold it to him at once, though he had intended to keep it to show on his stall and attract customers.

That day, when they had dinner at the Palace, the Chamberlain said, swallowing the very proud and excited sound in his voice, "Will you have this remarkable apple, Your Majesty?"

The King was so delighted with the look and the smell of the apple that he took it at once. It was so big that there was plenty for him, the Queen, and all the little Princes to have a share. And it was the most delicious apple any of them had ever tasted.

So the King told the Chamberlain to go and buy some more apples like it.

The Chamberlain went down to the market and told Tom Noddlebus to provide him with some more like it. But the farmer shook his head. "Can't be done, my lord. There ain't no more like it in the whole country."

Naturally the Chamberlain would not believe him, and so he came up to the farm himself and asked the farmer's wife to show him the tree on which the apple grew.

She took the Chamberlain out to the muddy field, all sticky with fresh rain, and showed him the tree. It was such a tiny tree that the Chamberlain was forced to believe it really had only had that one apple. He could see with his own eyes that there was no apple on it now.

So he told the King, and the King said: "We must have the tree transplanted to the royal gardens."

So the Chamberlain went down to see the farmer again and told him that he wanted to have the tree dug up and sent to the royal palace so that the royal gardeners could take proper care of it.

By now the farmer was proud of the tree and didn't want it to go.

"You must ask my wife, because it belongs to her," he replied.

Well, by this time the farmer's wife had become so fond of the tree that she refused to sell it.

The Chamberlain scolded her and wheedled her, but nothing would move her. So he had to go back and tell the King that he could not buy the apple tree.

And the King said to the Queen afterward, "Well, if you want a thing done you've got to do it yourself." Which is a very true saying, though it is very old.

So the next time the King was out riding with his dogs and his horses he rode over to the farm and asked to see the farmer's wife.

Of course the farmer's wife was very flustered at the King asking to see her, and she curtsied so many times that she nearly made the horses rear, and the King said:

"Please stop curtseying and listen."

So she listened to all the King had to say, and then all she said was, "Won't you come and see the tree, Your Majesty?"

She walked up to the field that had been turned into an orchard, and the King reined in his horse and made it walk after her. He drew up beside her at the corner of the field where the little apple tree was happily growing in the sunshine.

"There it is, Your Majesty, and it's so fond of this particular part of the field, and I am so fond of it, that I really could not part with it."

"It look's a very funny little tree," said the King, "indeed, it looks too small ever to have an apple at all."

"Ah, it's a very special tree," said the farmer's wife, thinking of her kisses and the fairies and bunnies in the moonlight.

"Well," said the King, "I will give you a big sack of gold if you will let my gardeners dig it up and take it to the Palace."

But the farmer's wife told the King it would not be happy in the Palace; it would not have the baby rabbits playing with it, and she felt sure that the baby rabbits playing with it did it a lot of good. And it would not have the wild bees in the Palace, and she felt sure that the hive bees they kept in the Palace hives would not be nearly so good for it as the wild ones. And when the moonlight came out it would not have the fairies to pop out of the wood and love it, because no fairies would go into a walled garden. So she refused the sack of gold from the King.

(Continued on p. 52)

"Say when, Man!!"

COPYRIGHT

KING GEORGE IV

WORLD-FAMED PRODUCT OF
THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD., EDINBURGH

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

THE LITTLE APPLE TREE

(Continued from p. 50)

The more the King looked at the tree the more he wanted to have it, and at last he arranged to buy that corner of the field and to fence it round with a golden fence, with crowns on the top of each spike, so that people should know it belonged to the King, and to leave the apple tree where it was.

He appointed the farmer's wife head gardener to that apple tree, so she was happy too.

When the golden fence was erected round the apple tree very soon the leaves began to droop, and the tree didn't look half so happy. Quite clearly, it was pining for something.

And then the baby rabbits all came round the feet of the farmer's wife and said: "Please, we must play with our baby apple tree." And the grass inside the fence began to grow too tall and stifled the tree for want of the baby rabbits to eat it down.

So the farmer's wife cut a little hole in the fence, just big enough to let the rabbits in. At once they rushed in and they ate and ate and ate for a whole day and night to cut the grass down all round the little tree. And the next day the little tree began to look happier and to grow again.

Next year the King came out to see what his little tree was doing. Again, there was only one flower on the little apple tree, and the King was rather cross and said: "It ought to have had at least two. And who had made that hole in my golden fence? The person who made that hole probably stole the apple." The farmer's wife said: "Please, Your Majesty, the person that made that hole was me, and I am the head-gardener to the tree, so I couldn't have stolen the apple."

"You must have the hole mended, because I can't have baby rabbits coming in to my tree; they will cut off its branches and gnaw the bark."

But the farmer's wife said: "No, Your Majesty, the tree drooped until the baby rabbits came to take care of it, and I must have them here at night to guard it when I am not here myself."

So the King grumbled a bit, and as he rode away he said: "We will wait and see what the apple's like."

Slowly the apple turned from the size of a green pea into the size of a gooseberry, just the same as last year, and when all the other trees' apples were as big as oranges and stopped growing, the little tree's apple went on growing and growing. And this time was the size of a large round melon. And when it was ripe and beautiful, the farmer's wife sent a message to the King to come and have a look at it. And he came and was so delighted with the apple that he picked it himself and took it off to the Palace.

He said, however, that it's really a nuisance to have apples only once a year like this. So he sent the head gardener to see what he could do with the tree. And the head gardener talked for hours and hours very learnedly to the farmer's wife, but not a thing could he suggest that sounded in the least sensible. So again they said: "Let's wait and see what the little tree will do by itself."

And the next year and the next and the next the tree grew, but every year it had only the one flower, so of course it could have only one apple. But every year the apple was a little bigger than before, and at the end of seven years the single apple was the size of a pumpkin.

Then the King gave a large party for the kings and queens from other countries to come and see the apple. And so big and so delicious was the apple that they all made a feast of it. They liked it so much that they had it every year after that, and called it The Feast of the Little Apple Tree.

And all her life the farmer's wife believed that it was the baby rabbits and the wild bees and the fairies that made her own little apple tree the best in the field, and she never remembered it was her own kiss which had made them all notice it first.

"WINTER SUN," an original woodcut, by HUGO NOSKE

CLOTHES MAKE the MAN

(Continued from p. 28)

had finally overcome his timidity, if not his cares. He had once worked a few weeks in Poland and knew a few words of Polish, and even a Polish folk-song which he had learnt parrot-fashion, without a notion of its contents. So, with noble mien, rather diffidently than loud, and in a voice which quivered as with secret grief, he sang:

"Many thousand pigs are herded
In the pleasant land of Poland,
And the swinish maid Katinka
Wades in mud above her ankles.
Many are the oxen lowing
On Volhynia's verdant meadows,
And Katinka, yes Katinka
Dreams my heart is set upon her."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the gentlemen, clapping their hands, and Nettchen remarked with emotion, "National things are always so beautiful." Luckily nobody asked for a translation.

The culminating point of the entertainment now past, the company broke up. The tailor was packed into a carriage again and carefully conveyed back to Goldach. He had been forced to promise before leaving that he would not leave the town without saying good-bye. In the Balance, a glass of punch was called for, but Strapinski was now exhausted and demanded his bed. The landlord himself showed him to his room, and, used though he was to sleeping in poverty-stricken inns, he scarcely noticed its splendour.

He was standing there in the middle of a fine carpet without a thing to his name, when the landlord suddenly realized that he had not a stick of luggage, and smote his forehead in consternation. Then he rushed out, rang the bell, called the waiter and the boots, and exchanged a few words with them, came back and cried, "It's true, my lord, they forgot to unload the luggage. There isn't a single thing here."

"And the little parcel in the carriage?" asked Strapinski anxiously, thinking of a little bundle he had left on the seat which contained a handkerchief, a hair-brush with a little pot of pomade, and a stick of moustache cream.

"It's gone. There isn't a thing here," said the worthy host in terror, for he imagined there was something of great importance in the bundle. "We must send an express after the coachman at once," he said zealously. "I'll see to it."

But my lord, the count, grasped his arm in equal terror, and said anxiously, "No, no, don't do that. I must disappear for a time," he added, considerably astonished at his own invention. . . .

. . . . .

His bearing as he visited the town was quite different from what it would have been if he had been looking for work. The town consisted for the most part of big, solidly-built villas, all of which were adorned with carved or painted signs, and rejoiced in a name. In these names the changing customs of the centuries were clearly to be seen. The Middle Ages were reflected in the oldest buildings, or in the new ones which had replaced them, though keeping the ancient names from the times of the warrior burgomasters or from legend. Thus there could be seen The Sword, The Helm, The Coat of Mail, The Blue Shield, The Swiss Hero, The Knight, The Flint, The Turk, The Golden Dragon, The Linden, The Pilgrim Staff, The Nixe, The Bird of Paradise, The Pomegranate Tree, The Camel, The Unicorn, and so on. The period of enlightenment and philanthropy was revealed in the moral notions which glittered in golden letters over the house doors such as Unity, Eloquence, Independence, Civic Virtue a, Civic Virtue b, Love, Hope, Inward Righteousness, Outward Righteousness, National Welfare (a clean little house in which, behind a canary in a cage completely overhung with greenstuff, sat an old woman in a white mob cap winding wool), Constitution (here dwelt a cooper who with busy noise fastened hoops on little pails and casks and hammered unceasingly). One house bore the ghastly name Death.

He rapidly became a hero of a pretty romance, at which he worked lovingly and in collaboration with the town, the chief element of which, however, was always his secret. . . .

He had, from his lottery agent who called himself a banker, received a letter of credit which he deposited with a local banker. This arrangement again enhanced the good opinion of his person and circumstances, for those solid business men never dreamed of lotteries. On the same day Strapinski went to a splendid ball to which he had been invited. He made his appearance in deep, plain black, and at once announced to those who came to greet him that he was forced to leave the town.

In ten minutes the news had gone round the room and Nettchen, whom Strapinski was trying to get a sight of, seemed to avoid his looks as if thunderstruck, her colour coming and going. Then she danced time after time with other young men, sat down *distraite* and out of breath, and declined an invitation to dance from the Pole, who had at last approached her, with a curt bow. Strangely moved and troubled he went away, slung his famous cape round him and with waving locks paced up and down a garden path. He began to realize that he had only delayed so long on her account, that the vague hope of being near her once again had unconsciously inspired him, but that the whole matter presented an impossibility of the most desperate kind.

As he thus paced up and down he heard rapid steps behind him, light yet agitated. Nettchen passed him and, to judge from the few words he heard her call, seemed to be looking for her carriage, although it was at the other side of the house, while here there was nothing but swaddled rose-trees and winter-cabbages sleeping the sleep of the just. Then she came back, and as he now stood in her way with a beating heart, stretching out his hands towards her imploringly, without further parley she flung her arms round his neck and began to cry bitterly. He covered her glowing cheeks with his finely perfumed dark locks, and his cape enfolded the girl's slim, proud, snow-white figure as with eagle's pinions; it was really a beautiful sight, which seemed to bear its justification in itself alone. . . .

(How things fared with the beautiful Nettchen and the tailor is all set forth in the full text of Keller's fascinating story)

KB INEXPENSIVE RADIO

KB RADIO Authorised DEALER

Look for this Sign

These K.B. instruments, each a masterpiece of design and finish, are offered at prices which emphasise and prove the truth of the slogan "K.B. Inexpensive Radio." Beautiful in tone and appearance K.B. receivers can be depended upon to give faithful and efficient reception.

The K.B. 283 Radio Gramophone here illustrated includes a S.G. Radio-Receiver and an electrical gramophone reproducing equipment of particularly pleasing tone. Housed in a finely figured walnut finished pedestal type cabinet with moving-coil speaker incorporated.

PRICE 30 GNS.
Complete with Valves and Royalties.

The other model illustrated is the K.B. 279 S.G All-Electric Radio Receiver for A.C. mains. Simple to operate, it covers a good range of British and Foreign stations. With a moving-coil speaker incorporated in the handsome walnut finished cabinet it has an illuminated condenser scale, calibrated in wavelengths, and provision for mains-aerial reception, gramophone pick-up and additional speaker if desired.

PRICE 18 GNS.
Including Speaker, Valves and Royalties.

See these instruments where you see the K.B dealer sign, or write for Illustrated Brochure. Demonstrations and Hire Purchase Terms gladly arranged.

ALL-BRITISH MANUFACTURE
at
CRAY WORKS, SIDCUP, KENT.

KOLSTER-BRANDES

IS CHANGE *an* IMPROVEMENT?

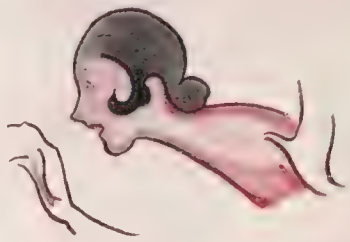
A Grunt from a Disgruntled Elder

HOW THEY HAVE SNEERED AT OUR OLD ROWS OF MONOTONOUS HOUSES

SO THEY LIVE IN FLATS AND CALL IT AN IMPROVEMENT

OF COURSE MUTTON CHOP WHISKERS WERE VICTORIAN -

SO THEY CULTIVATE THIS STYLE



VICTORIAN CURLS ARE IMPROVED INTO THIS

PERHAPS THE OLD FASHIONED BATHING STYLES WERE ABSURD

SO THIS IS WHERE THEY'VE GOT TO

AND AS FOR THE IDEA OF CHAPERONES -

ITS THE CHAPERONE HERSELF WHO NEEDS WATCHING

Drawing by CHARLES ROBINSON

Mackintosh's

A WHOLE SWEETSHOP IN A TIN

Mackintosh's "CARNIVAL"

THE DE LUXE ASSORTMENT

Christmas time is "Carnival" time

A PICTORIAL COMPETITION . . .

For Young and Old: Without Restriction of Age

DRAWN BY PERCY HOME

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows a Dutch landscape, with a space in the foreground where the town exists. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the buildings and quaysides which, when placed in position, will cover nearly if not all the distant landscape. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions of this pictorial competition. The First Prize, £5; the Second Prize, £3; and the Third Prize, £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 346, Strand, W.C., not later than January 11, 1932. The decision of the Editor in every case is final.

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

HOUBIGANT

PARFUM
ÉTUDE

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

"ENTR'ACTE"

A Fantasy

By NAOMI LUDOLF

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Aladdin ■ **Dick Whittington**

The stage is set to represent a dressing-room in a theatre. Curtain rises on **Aladdin** *sitting at table putting finishing touches to make-up. Lays down puff, yawns*

Aladdin: Gosh, I'm tired! Thank heaven to-night's the last night, anyway. But in a week I'll be at it again. *(Smiles.)* It'll be wonderful to see Mum to-morrow.

(Yawns—leans back in chair—stretches limbs and falls asleep. Starts up at the sound of running footsteps, sees intruder, and says angrily),

Aladdin: Here, where do you think you're going?

Dick *(Pulling up nervously):* Please . . .

Aladdin: Don't you know you're not allowed in the ladies' dressing-rooms?

Dick: Please . . .

Aladdin: Don't argue with me. Get out, d'you hear?

Dick: Please have you seen my cat?

Aladdin: Now look here, if you think this is the 1st of April and that I'm going to play the fool for your benefit, you've got me all wrong. Suppose you want to see how well I kick off-stage, that's about it!

Dick *(Almost tearfully):* Please don't be offended, but I'm looking for my cat. You see I lost him when I first came to London, but the story-books never told anyone because the children loved him so. His name's Tom. Oh, please, are you sure you haven't seen my cat?

Aladdin *(Scornfully shaking head):* Just crazy, that's all. *(Mockingly):* Well, what's he like, this precious cat—Persian? Or just a bit of the roof?

Dick *(Tearfully):* I haven't seen him for hundreds of years. I'm afraid he must be quite grown up now. I don't know what he'd look like, but I'm sure if he heard my voice he'd know me.

Aladdin: H'm! Don't know why I'm wasting my time on you. You look harmless—but I suppose some are. What's your name?

Dick: Dick. Dick Whittington—but please, if you haven't seen my cat I'm afraid I can't stay any longer, as I must keep on searching until I find him.

Aladdin: Well I never! Am I dreaming or what? *(Looks suddenly enlightened.)* Ah, I've got it. "Dick Whittington's" playing here next week, and this is some publicity stunt. Of all the cool cheek!

(Catches Dick by the arm): Come on! Let's have the truth! The idea was I'd raise Cain, call in the management, and the Press would get to hear of it, and everything in the garden would be lovely. And where do I come in? I'm "out" next week. *(Shakes him roughly.)*

Dick: Oh, please! You're hurting my arm, and I don't know what you're talking about. Oh, Tom!

Aladdin *(Giving him a push):* Listen to me, "Dick Whittington," you watch your step! I didn't start in the back row of a chorus for nothing! "Aladdin" always played to bigger houses than "Dick Whittington" ever read about, anyway. *(Stands in menacing attitude.)*

Dick *(Having risen nervously to feet):* Aladdin?

Aladdin *(Outraged):* Now you try to tell me you don't know I'm playing "Aladdin" this week, and you'll breathe your last simultaneously!

Dick: But you aren't Aladdin! I know him quite well. I clean his lamp for him sometimes—to take my mind off Tom. I never clean your lamp. *(Confidentially.)* His lamp isn't really magic, you know, but they never told the children that either. If it were—why I shouldn't be looking for Tom. And Aladdin never goes anywhere without his mother. Have you got a mother?

Aladdin: Carry on! We'll come to earth soon.

Dick: Nice, mothers are! My mother was . . .

Aladdin: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" I suppose. Well, while you're in the mood you may as well tell me some more. Is the "Sleeping Beauty" still—er—dormant? *(Crosses to chair. Resumes original position.)*

Dick: The Sleeping Beauty? *(Mew heard off stage.)* Did you hear that? *(Excitedly.)* Tom! He knew my voice. He heard me! *(Much mewing off stage. Aladdin slumbering once more, Dick rushes off crying),* I'm coming!

Knock heard after a few seconds. Voice calls,

"OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS, PLEASE!"

Aladdin rouses herself and blinks round.

Aladdin: That cat in here? *(Yawns.)* Must have been asleep! Well, we're off again. *(Adds lipstick.)* Funny thing dreaming about Dick Whittington like that. Must have got work—and next week's posters on the brain. *(Powders.)* Hope no one gets that cat served up as rabbit seeing it's hundreds of years old. *(Laughs. Becomes pensive.)* What was it he said—"Nice, mothers are . . ."

Knock again off stage. Voice calls again,

"OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS, PLEASE!"

Aladdin *(Jumps up very irritably):* Oh, all right!

Quick curtain.

SECURE SLIMNESS AND REAL FITNESS

by

NO DIETING — 5–10 MINUTES' SPECIAL EXERCISE AT HOME — NO HEART STRAIN

For Men and Women

MILITARY TESTIMONIES TO AN EFFICIENT SYSTEM

Before Treatment

Dear Mr. Abplanalp,

. . . . I still continue your System. It is the best I ever tried, and I have recommended it far and wide. Scores of people say, "How do you manage to keep your 'tummy' in?" I tell them! I wish you every success in the coming year and in future. You deserve it.

(Sgd.) E. S., Brigadier-General.

Dear Sir,

. . . . In conclusion, I can only tell you that I can never thank you enough for your wonderful exercises, which are *everything* to me, and I wish I had known of your System years ago. With great gratitude, etc.

(Sgd.) W. VILLIERS-STUART, Brigadier-General, C.B.E., D.S.O., etc.

After 3 months' Treatment

Write for FREE BOOKLET (or call) to—

ABPLANALP'S INSTITUTE, Rooms: 447/9D, 168, Regent Street, London, W.1

Please enclose Stamps (or value) for Postage
(3d. for U.K., 8½d. for Colonies, 1/1 for Abroad)

An extremely interesting and instructive book, with 62 photographic illustrations, entitled

"SLIMNESS and HEALTH"

for both sexes and all ages, by Arthur Abplanalp

with Preface by Brig.-Gen. The Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and Foreword by Dr. Dundas Irvine, B.A. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., is obtainable through any branch of **Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Messrs. John Menzies & Co. (Scotland), and other booksellers. Price 3/6.**

5019 Ciro Ruby (Sapphire or Emerald) and Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

5339 Ciro Pearl and Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

5188 Finely cut Ciro Emerald (Sapphire or Ruby) and Diamonds set in gold and platinette. 21/-

5331 Finely cut Ciro Emerald (Sapphire or Ruby) and Diamonds; mounting of platinette. £1.1.0

5168 Ciro Diamonds in platinette mounting. £1.1.0

5106 All Ciro Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

5159 Ciro Ruby (Sapphire or Emerald) and Diamonds in platinette and solid gold. £1.1.0

5248 Charming Ring with selected Ciro Pearls and Diamonds on gold shank. £1.1.0

5332 Ciro Diamonds in solid gold and platinette. £1.1.0

546 Ciro Pearls and Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

5319 Ciro Sapphire (or Emerald) and Diamonds, In solid gold and platinette. £1.1.0

5249 Selected Ciro Pearls and Diamonds in solid gold and platinette 21/-

5252 A magnificent Ciro Diamond perfectly set in platinette with solid gold shank. £1.1.0

63a Selected Ciro Pearls on solid gold mounts. The pearls may be of any desired size. £1.1.0

1378 Selected Ciro Pearls and Diamonds in a fine platinette setting. £1.1.0

← 1376
Elegant Ear rings of chaste design. Ciro Sapphire (Ruby or Emerald) and Diamonds in platinette setting £1. 1. 0

1138 →
In superb Ciro Sapphires (Rubies or Emeralds) and Diamonds. In Platinette setting £1.1.0

1107 Charming bow design; selected Ciro Pearls and Diamonds; platinette setting. £1.1.0 per pair

1383 Ciro Pearls and Diamonds set in platinette. £1.1.0

Princely gifts you can afford!

In Ciro jewels you can offer truly princely gifts. For sheer beauty they will be treasured just as much as costly real gems. Ciro diamonds have the authentic flash and fire of mined stones — Ciro pearls the actual radiance of oriental pearls. And Ciro settings — modern, exclusive, exquisite — as fine as any in the world. In the whole tremendous Ciro collection of lovely designs there is not one she will not be enraptured to receive; not one that you cannot afford.

✲ **CIRO'S UNIQUE OFFER.** We will gladly send you the Ciro Necklet or any jewel illustrated on receipt of one guinea. If after a fortnight your choice is found to be unsuitable, we will willingly exchange it or return your money in full.

CHARMING SILK AND VELVET-LINED CASES ARE SUPPLIED FREE WITH EVERY PURCHASE

Send for the new Ciro Pearl and Jewel Catalogues, No. 41, post free.

Ciro Pearls

AND DIAMONDS

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. *41*), **48 Old Bond St. and 178 Regent St., London, W.1**

CITY : 120 Cheapside . MANCHESTER : 14 St. Ann's Square . LIVERPOOL : 23 Church Street . SHEFFIELD : 23 Fargate
BIRMINGHAM : 121 New Street . LEEDS : 38 Briggate . EDINBURGH : *at* Jenners . BRISTOL : *at* J. F. Taylor, Ltd.
GLASGOW : 95 Buchanan Street . DUBLIN : *at* Switzers . BERLIN : 106 Leipzigerstrasse : 14 Unter den Linden

COPYRIGHT

4951 (above). Ciro Emerald (or Sapphire) and Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

731 (below). Selected Ciro Pearl on platinette bar, closely studded with Ciro Diamonds. Sides finely engraved. £1.1.0

4346 (above). Bow Brooch in Ciro Diamonds and platinette. £1.1.0

4760 (below) Ciro Emeralds (Sapphires or Rubies) and Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

← 4982
All Ciro Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

4866 →
Smart clip set entirely with Ciro Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

← 4800
Ciro Emeralds (Rubies or Sapphires) and Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

4865 →
Set entirely with Ciro Diamonds in platinette. £1.1.0

The CIRO PEARL NECKLET, 16 in. long (complete with solid gold or platinum clasp, in case), costs £1 : 1 : 0

PUSS *without* BOOTS

(Continued from p. 24)

Pussy continued to take presents to the Royal Palace in the manner we have described, and in such wise supported her master.

"But as she began to grow weary of going backwards and forwards, and she was afraid that the courtiers of the king would soon find it tiresome, she said to her master, 'Sir, if you will but do as I bid you in a short time you will make yourself rich.'

"'How?' said her master.

"The cat replied: 'Come with me and take no heed of anything else, for I have everything arranged for making you a rich man.' So they went together to the river, and at a place near the royal palace the cat stripped off her master's clothes, and with his consent threw him into the river.

"Then she began to scream at the top of her voice, 'Help, help, run, for Messer Costantino is drowning.'

"The king heard her, and remembering the many presents he had received from her immediately sent his servants to Costantino's aid. When they had taken him out of the water and clad him in new garments, they brought Costantino before the king, who gave him a warm welcome, and asked how it was that he had been thrown into the river.

"Costantino was too confused to reply. But the cat, who always kept close to him, said: 'Know, Oh, king, that some robbers had discovered through a spy that my master was loaded with jewels which he was about to present to you, and they despoiled him of all his treasure, and thinking to slay him threw him into the river. But, thanks to these gentlemen, he was saved from death.'

"When the king heard this he gave orders that he should be well taken care of and attended to. And seeing that he was handsome, and knowing him to be rich, he determined to give him his daughter, Elisetta, in marriage, and to present her with a dowry of gold and jewels and fine raiment. When the nuptial ceremonies were completed, and the festivities were over, the king caused ten mules to be loaded with gold and five with the most sumptuous raiment, and sent Elisetta to the house of her husband escorted by a crowd of people.

OUT IN THE COLD: A Puss without Boots goes to the ball as Miss Muffet!

"Costantino, seeing himself thus honoured and loaded with riches knew not to what house he could conduct his bride, and took counsel with his cat.

"'Never doubt, my master,' said she, 'but that we shall make good provision for everything.'

"As they rode merrily along, Pussy made great haste and got ahead of them, and when she was a long way in advance of the company, she met some men on horseback to whom she said 'What are you doing here, you wretched men? Ride away quickly, for there is a great company of horsemen coming along who will wreak vengeance upon you. See, they are close at hand! Listen to the noise of their neighing horses!' The cavaliers were terrified, and said 'What then, do you say we ought to do?' The cat answered thus, 'Do on this wise. If they ask you whose men you are, reply boldly, Messer Costantino's, and then you will not be molested.'

"Then Pussy went farther ahead and came upon great numbers of sheep and cattle, and she played the same trick upon their owners, and to everyone she met upon the road she told the same tale. The people who accompanied Elisetta asked, 'Whose horsemen are ye, and whose fine herds are these?' and all with one voice replied, 'Messer Costantino's!' Then those who accompanied the bride said, 'It seems, then, Messer Costantino, that we are beginning to enter upon your domain?' He nodded assent, and made the like answer to every question they asked. So the company judged him to be a very rich man.

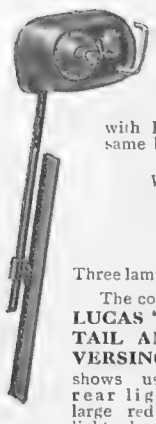
"Now Pussy came to a magnificent castle, which she found to be guarded by a very small band of soldiers, and said to them, 'What do ye here, my fine fellows? Are you not aware of the ruin that is coming upon you?' 'What?' asked the guards. 'Before an hour is passed you will see a multitude of soldiers here who will cut you to pieces. Do you not hear their horses neighing? Do you not behold the dust in the air? If you do not wish to perish take my advice, so that you may all be saved. If anyone asks whose is this castle, answer, 'It is the Castle of Messer Costantino Fortunato!' They did as they were told. The noble company reached the fine castle and asked the guards to whom it belonged. All eagerly replied, 'to Messer Costantino Fortunato.' And when they had entered the castle, they were given sumptuous quarters therein.

"Now the Lord of this castle was one Signor Valentino, a valorous knight, who a short while before had gone forth from the castle to bring home thereto the wife whom he had recently wed. But, such was his misfortune, before he reached the home of his beloved wife, there happened to him on the road a sudden and distressful accident, by which incontinently he met his death. And Costantino Fortunato remained Lord of the Castle. Not long after this, Morando, King of Bohemia, died; and the people chose for their king Costantino Fortunato, seeing that he had married Elisetta, daughter of the dead king, to whom by right of succession the kingdom belonged.

Excellent Gifts — LUCAS

"KING OF THE ROAD" MOTORALITIES

—just the thing for your motoring friends!



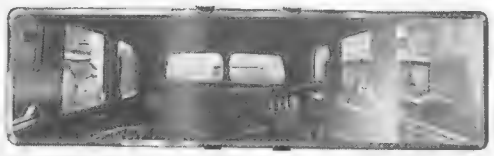
In bad weather, clear vision is always ensured by the **LUCAS ELECTRIC WINDSCREEN WIPER,** the smallest and most silent made. Very large angle of wipe, twin rubber blades, special locking device holds wiper arm out of line of vision when not in use. Requires no attention; low current consumption. Interchangeable with Lucas Suction-operated and Hand Wipers: same bolt-holes can be used.

PRICE **25/6**

Without special locking device, **21/-**

Three lamps in one!

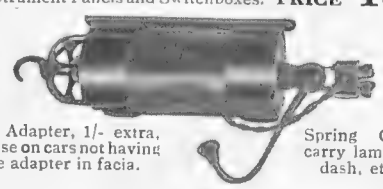
The compact **LUCAS "STOP" TAIL AND REVERSING LAMP** shows usual red rear light, gives large red warning light when brake is applied, and embodies a powerful white light for reversing into unlit drives, garages, etc. Size: 6×4 ins., complete with dash switch for reversing light. PRICE **30/-**



A remarkable contribution to extra driving safety and comfort—the famous, original **LUCAS "PANORAM" MIRROR** which reflects not only the rear, but *both sides* of the road through an angle of approx. 160°. Gives an undistorted view, and reduces dazzle from lights of following cars. Complete with adjustable mounting. PRICE **12/6**

Mirror only, without mounting, interchangeable on cars having Lucas 30S or 20S Mirrors. **10/6**

A thoroughly useful gift—the **LUCAS INSPECTION LAMP.** Particularly compact; 15 ft. of cable which winds into body of lamp when not in use. Plugs into the two holes in standard Instrument Panels and Switchboxes. PRICE **15/6**



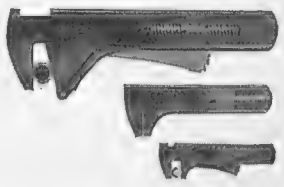
Special Adapter, 1/- extra, allows use on cars not having two-hole adapter in facia.

Spring Clip to carry lamp under dash, etc., 1/-

A good "sound" gift! **LUCAS HIGH-FREQUENCY ELECTRIC HORNS** ("Alto" and "Altette" types) give a most distinctive high-pitched note, pleasing yet insistent and powerful. Prices from **24/6 to 68/-** (both Radiator and Under-Bonnet types).

No. HF 415 "Alto" (illustrated), is a handsome radiator model with chromium-plated grille front. PRICE **50/-**

Why not give a set of **LUCAS "GIRDER" WRENCHES?**



They "grip like a vice," are neat, with quick, very fine adjustment, and do not lock. No springing, no slipping. Prices: 3¾ ins., 2/9, 3/3*; 4½ ins., 3/9, 4/6*; 7½ ins., 6/6, 7/6*

* *These have patent Pipe-Grip Attachment for use on tubes, etc.*

Ask your Dealer to show you the complete range

Write for Illustrated Descriptive Literature, Post Free. JOSEPH LUCAS, LTD., DEPT. SP, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

James R.
Ogden
& Sons Ltd.
of London & Harrogate

beg to state that in spite of the increased prices of all Jewels, Watches, Silver, etc., they offer their large stocks at the OLD PRICES

GREAT BARGAINS *can be seen in Pearls, Diamonds, Jewels, etc.,*
at
41-42, Duke Street, Piccadilly, London
or 38-40, James Street, Harrogate.

Make this a Mazawattee Christmas—

Some gifts are merely ornamental, others merely useful—the new Mazawattee canisters are both. Handsome tins executed in exquisite colourings, containing fragrant Empire-grown Leaf.

Ask your Grocer for the ½-lb., 1-lb. and 3-lb. tins, containing famous Mazawattee blends at **2/4, 2/6, 2/8, 3/-** and upwards per lb.

Mazawattee Tea

Why Wait

For the mains? They may never be laid near your house. Even if they are it does not necessarily follow that a Public Supply would be a paying proposition for you.

With the latest type of crude oil engine electricity can be generated at a price with which the Supply Companies with their heavy overhead charges cannot compete. A private plant has the following additional advantages:

A steady light and a constant pressure at all times.

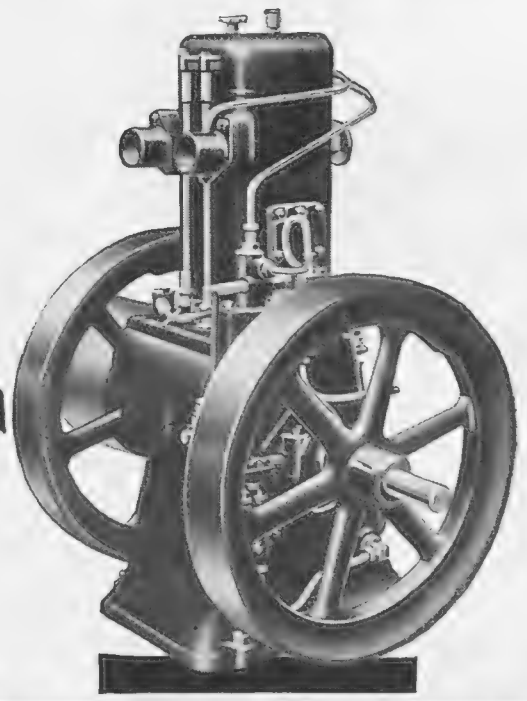
Freedom from interruptions due to strikes or breakdown.

Direct current at a safe voltage.

A modern plant is automatic in action, the attendance required being negligible.

Let us advise you without obligation on your part. Our Engineers will visit any part of the British Isles.

Many of our installations erected 30 or 40 years ago are still giving entire satisfaction.



Write for Catalogue No. 80.

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.,
36, GROSVENOR GARDENS,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

29, Piccadilly, Manchester. 51, Waterloo St., Glasgow.
105, High St., Winchester. 20a, Bedford Circus, Exeter.

THE 501st CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from p. 40*)

and her cat. Doing honest men out of their bargains, with her damned spells, and her witch's eyes."

At the back of her mind sanity whispered, "They're drunk, they're drunk." But their angry red faces and threatening eyes terrified her; and the old hall with its leaping firelight and shadowy corners flung the scene into another century—a century when they burnt women as witches, when they were savagely and ignorantly cruel. The faces in the doorway were as savage and ignorant and besotted as any she had seen in old prints, and the minds that lay behind the piggish, hateful eyes as bigoted and superstitious as any medieval oaf's, for all their reading of the Press and listening to wireless.

"We've had enough of it," another shouted. "D'you hear? You can get out o' here. Can't even do your shopping in the village. None of us wants such as you about the place."

She thought bewilderedly, "They'll be accusing me of blighting their cattle next."

Baxter stepped forward and brandished a letter in her face.

"Read that," he said, thickly. "That's your doing, that is. Getting round him with your witch's ways; doing me out o' a decent sale. I offered you fair enough, but you wouldn't listen. Oh, no, you wouldn't listen. Read it."

Without any expression she held out her hand and took the letter. It was brief and to the point.

Dear Sir,

Our client, Mr. Alan Savior, withdraws his offer for Calderon Manor, as he understands that you have already given an option to another party. He cannot understand why you did not mention this to him when he approached you in the matter.

We are, yours faithfully,
GUSCOTT, BROWNE, AND CO.

She said nothing and handed it back.

Baxter seemed beside himself. He raised his hand and stepped forward and then stopped, transfixed. There arose a terrifying, hoarse growl that frightened even Merrill, and she saw Tommy, his fur on end, his eyes glowing like balls of yellow flame, crawling along the floor, crouching, his tail lashing; and all the time there came that horrifying growling from deep down in his throat. She tried to call him, but her voice refused to come. Her mouth was dry and her tongue paralysed.

Baxter retreated, his red face perceptibly paler and his eyes staring. Then from behind him a man threw a stone. It grazed her forehead, and she swayed slightly and put up her hand. It came away covered with blood.

Another stone hit Tommy as he leaped forwards and knocked him endways.

Help came from an unexpected quarter. Among the men at the door appeared another figure, laying about him with, of all things in the world, a quart milk-can. For a moment the stone-throwing ceased as they dealt with the intruder, and while they heaved and fought in the doorway a beam of light fell on them for a moment as a car wound down the lane; it flashed on them and away like a searchlight, and in another minute the interloper with the milk-can was reinforced by Savior and a large man in chauffeur's uniform. The end was quick. There was a confused stamping and thudding, a yell or two, and all that was left was Baxter, held by the chauffeur, Savior rubbing his jaw, and the milkman dishevelled and bellicose.

"Swine," said Savior.

He looked at the milkman. "I don't know you," he said, "but you're a good fellow in a scrap."

The milkman grinned.

"I heard down there," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the village, "that there was likely to be trouble. I don't think much of baiting women, so I just came along."

"Well, it was a dam good show."

He looked at Baxter.

"As for you," he said, "when I've told you exactly what's going to happen, these two men will take you along and give you in charge . . . threats and menaces and anything else I can think of, as well as assault. But you can take this from me: Miss Lang is taking up her option, and my solicitors will deal with it. And she'll buy the place at the sum mentioned in the option at once."

The chauffeur, holding Baxter firmly by the collar, grinned at the milkman, and together they took him down the path to the car.

"Come back later," called Savior, "and drink our healths."

He turned to Merrill.

She was dabbing the side of her head with a handkerchief, and leaning against the wall.

"Darling!" he said, "are you badly hurt?"

She shook her head.

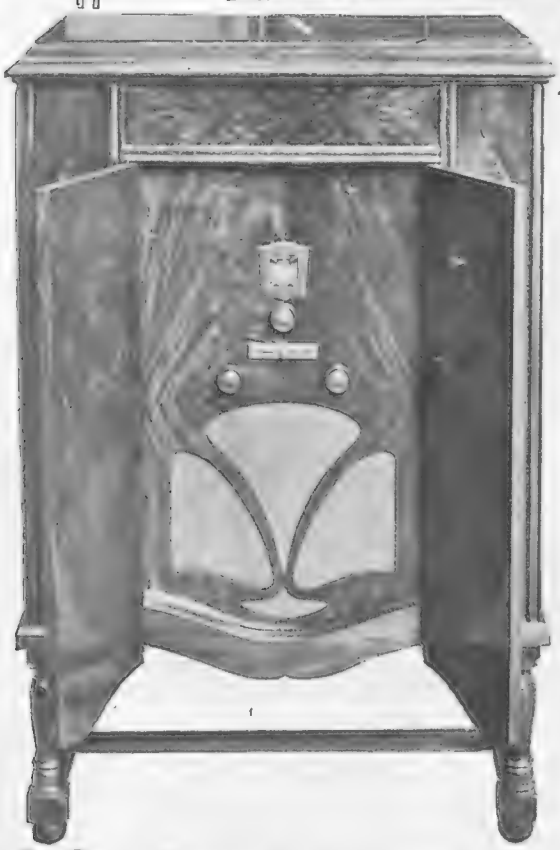
"Nothing. Only a small cut. Nothing . . . only I was afraid that you weren't coming."

She burst into tears, and he caught her in his arms.

"Merrill, darling, say listen. What a fool I am. I ought to have told you in

(*Continued on p. 64*)

The DECCA RADIOGRAM



35 GUINEAS

Roy Fox or Titterton—records or radio—London or Berlin. At a touch of a switch a superlative gramophone or 50 radio stations are at your service. With uncanny realism it brings your favourite bands to your parties—your favourite artists to your fireside. Ensure a really "happy Xmas" this year with a Decca Radiogram. Send for details to Decca, 1-3, Brixton Rd., S.W.9.

All-British. All mains operation, one dial tuning. Four British valves, Two screened grid, distortionless detector and super pentode output. Induction gramophone motor. Sensitive pick-up specially designed for quality. Energised moving-coil loudspeaker. Beautiful walnut cabinet.

Ideal Winter Holidays.

TORQUAY, in Sunny South Devon, sheltered as it is from the east winds and facing due south, is the ideal spot for Winter Holidays or residence.

ONE need never have a dull moment in Torquay, a progressive Municipality have arranged everything for the health and happiness of visitors.

RECREATION, and all forms of Outdoor Sports can be indulged in, while the Indoor Entertainments include a first-class Orchestra, Theatres, Cinemas, Ballrooms, etc.

QUIET, sheltered nooks abound in the vicinity, and the famous scenic gems, Babbacombe, Oddicombe, Watcombe, Maidencombe, Anstey's Cove, Beacon Cove, Cockington, etc., are all within easy reach.

UTOPIA would fittingly describe Torquay, with its lovely scenery, sheltered position, and mild and equable climate.

APART from its countless attractions, Torquay is also a splendid centre for the exploration of beautiful and romantic Dartmoor.

YOU can rest assured that after a stay in this wonderful resort of England's Riviera you will return thoroughly recuperated and eager to pay another visit when opportunity offers.

Travel by the Famous "TORBAY LIMITED" leaving Paddington each weekday at 12 noon. The Epitome of Speed and Luxurious Comfort! *Enquire at Railway Stations, Offices and Tourist Agencies for particulars of train services, fares, etc., from all parts.*

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK FREE ON APPLICATION TO PUBLICITY DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT SXN, TORQUAY.

Buy your

JEWELS

from the largest Dealer in the Country.

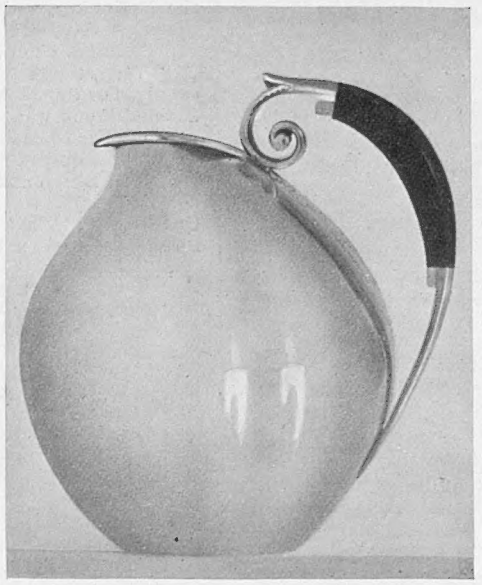
WILLIAM OGDEN,

4, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.1

"One of the World's greatest authorities."

"An Expert beyond dispute."

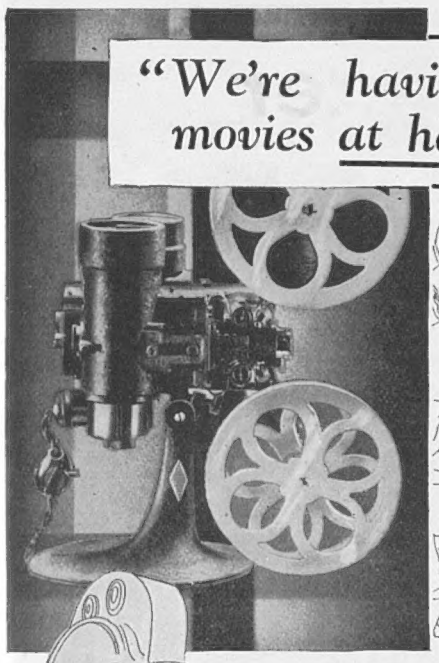
—*Vide Press.*



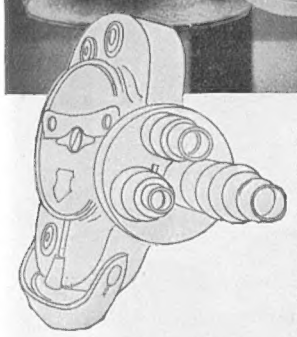
Georg Jensen

(Silversmiths) Ltd.

15b, New Bond Street, London, W.1



"We're having professional movies at home this Xmas!"



Amateur movies have attained professional status through Filmo—the professional cine apparatus for the home. Now—Filmo amateur movies are equal to any pictures seen at the best picture theatres. The Christmas party for instance—who would leave this cheery gathering for the cinema? Filmo at the party is royal entertainment—looked forward to—longed for—and enjoyed. The perfect hosts will entertain with Filmo this Christmas. Produce your own films, too, with a Filmo camera —its results are unequalled for clarity of detail, brilliance, and all the tricks of professional films. Obtainable with full descriptive literature FROM YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALER

BELL-HOWELL

filmo

PROJECTORS AND CAMERAS

Advertisement of Bell & Howell Co., Ltd., 320, Regent Street, London, W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING — H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

ENGLISH PERFUMES

HONEYSUCKLE,

SWEET BRIAR, RED ROSE,

ENGLISH VIOLETS,

FLORIS ETC.

89, JERMYN STREET, LONDON.

Use Anzora Cream for greasy scalps, Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Here's the secret of perpetual sleekness

Never mind the boisterous turn Yule festivities sometimes take... you will come through them all without a ruffled hair. Your ANZORA will see to that. Just a few drops on your hair in the morning and you are sleek and smart until bedtime.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., London, N.W.6

Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone, no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism,

Mr. Martin Goldhardt.

Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 540–D), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

THE 501st CHRISTMAS

(CONCLUDED)

the beginning, only I'm a sentimental fool. I wanted it to be a Christmas present. Say, sweet. . . . Oh honey!"

"Told me what?" she said, her face hidden.

"Why, that it was me who wanted this place. I was coming along that first evening to argue with you about it; that was why I was in the lane. Then I decided if you wanted it you ought to have it; you'd as much right as I, anyway."

She raised her head and looked at him.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He let her go and stood back, then he bent to stroke Tommy.

"Well, you see honey, it's this way. I've got a Calderon in my ancestry, too. One branch went to America, and I thought when I'd made some money I'd look up the old place, and—and maybe live there."

A faint colour came into her cheeks and her eyes began to smile.

"Your claim may be better than mine," she said primly.

"Say, you know, Merrill, the best way would be for both of us to—well, shall we say co-operate? I'll buy that swine Baxter out, and we'll get the old land back, and we'll——"

She interrupted.

"We?" she said perversely.

"Sure! You and I—when we're married."

"Oh!"

He looked at her and laughed, and kissed her.

"That's fixed," he said, "and now you must be hungry. Gosh! I've let the food go with Baxter in the car! I took a bad skid, and had to hire a car to get down here."

"Never mind. I've"—she blushed scarlet—"I've got your present here."

They saw that the door was still open. A patch of melting snow lay on the floor. He laughed and shut it, kicking the snow out of the way.

"Wait," she said, and went and lit the candles.

Now the hall gleamed. The red berries of the holly winked, and the pale moons of the mistletoe shone like little opals. The shadows now were the friendly old shadows Merrill had always known, and as Savior put his arm round her shoulders Julian Calderon gravely regarded them from the head of the stairs.

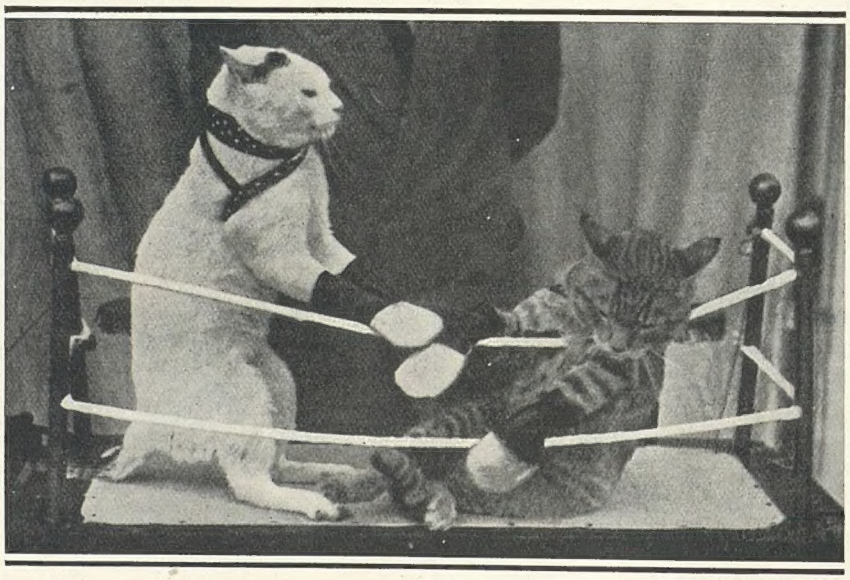
END

WORSHIPPING THE GREAT SPIRIT.—John Howison, in *Sketches of Upper Canada, 1821*, recounts: "When it was midnight, I walked out, and strolled in the woods. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me; however, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him and, notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. 'Me watch to see the deer kneel,' replied he. 'This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up.' The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe."

NO MISTLETOE IN CHURCHES.—The use of holly, ivy, and box at Christmastide has lasted in an unbroken tradition through the centuries. Of all the foliage available at Christmastide, mistletoe alone seems by universal agreement to be excluded from the church. It was the sacred plant of the Druids, which may have made the Church cautious of using it; but it was also the plant which supplied the fatal shaft which slew Baldr the Beautiful, and it may therefore mean that our Saxon forefathers so far clung to their ancestral myths, that they would not use the death-symbol of Baldr at the birth of the White Christ. The secular frivolities connected with the mistletoe have no doubt had something to do with keeping it out of church in more recent times. It is said that there is only one instance of mistletoe being introduced in the carving of an English church, and that is on a tomb in Bristol Cathedral. The Christmas decorations must be taken down before Candlemas Day, and if but a single leaf or berry be left in a pew, some one of those who usually occupy that seat will die before another Yuletide; such at least is the belief of many, and people have been known to send their own servants to the church to sweep out their pews most carefully on Candlemas Eve.

The solution to the Gilbert and Sullivan Missing Word Puzzle will appear in the issue of "The Sphere" for December 26

Postage for this "Sphere" Christmas Number will be for Inland and Foreign 4d.; and Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.



Finale

and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All Our Readers

DURING the Christmas period, when social engagements are at their height, it is the wish of everybody to attend these functions looking their best. Nothing contributes more to a smart appearance than a neat, lustrous head of hair. Rowland's Macassar Oil, which has been the premier hair dressing for 138 years, will keep your hair immaculate, and by using a little of it every day you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your hair could not look better.

Of all chemists, stores and hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd.,
22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1.

BEAUTIFUL EYES

Mr. C. H. Willi, of 40, Baker Street, W.1, the well-known Plastic Surgeon, painlessly and instantaneously removing lined and baggy skin around the eyes by his new electric process. The wonderful result is lasting for life. Mr. Willi has treated over 10,000 men and women for Facial Rejuvenation. Consultation free to readers of this paper.

The Gift they will value

WATSON'S

"VEDET" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Let your greetings be accompanied by this useful gift that will more than delight your friend. Of same construction as prism binoculars but consisting of one barrel only. Gives equal definition, magnification, and far easier focussing than bulky heavy binoculars. Only 4 ins. long, weighs but 7 ozs., and gives a magnification of 8 diam.

Write for full particulars:

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
313, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Complete in soft leather bag, for pocket or handbag.
Price £3-17-6

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *November* 23, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

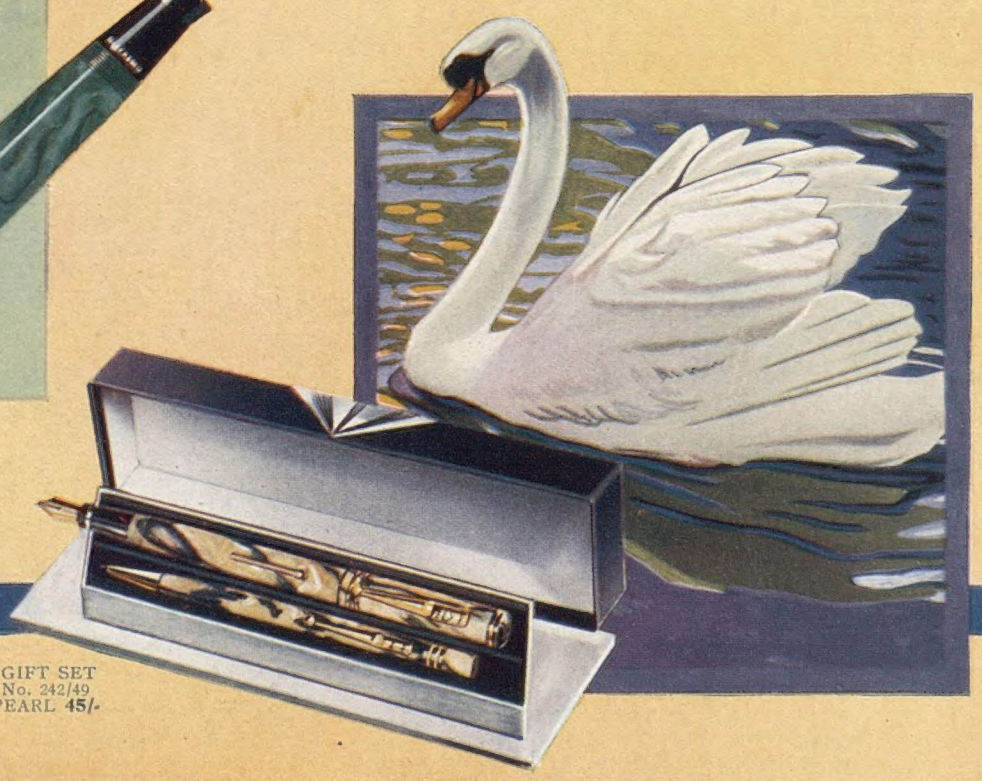
PLEASING HUES GIVE ADDED CHARM TO FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

'SWAN' PENS

HERE are pens to please both eye and hand . . . "Swan" Pens in delightful colours and varied designs. Their matchless beauty and perfect craftsmanship make them a pleasure to use and a pride to own and they are guaranteed, like all "Swans," to give lifetime satisfaction.

"Swan" Pens may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from **15/-**, or Artistic Colours from **21/-**, "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils to match "Swan" Pens from **5/-**
"Swan" Minor, **10/6** and **12/6**

Illustrated list post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C. 1; 114, Cheapside, E.C. 2; 95, Regent Street, W. 1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.



GIFT SET
No. 242/49
PEARL **45/-**

OXO

Children love it

"You have some, too."

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *November* 23, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.